B.C.D.S.

ANNUAL

'01

MARYLAND COLLECTION
DENTISTRY

Class Annual

of the

Baltimore College of Dental Surgery

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UNIVERSITY OF MARYLAND
BALTIMORE

To

Our Dean
Our Faculty
Our Lecturers
Our Demonstrators

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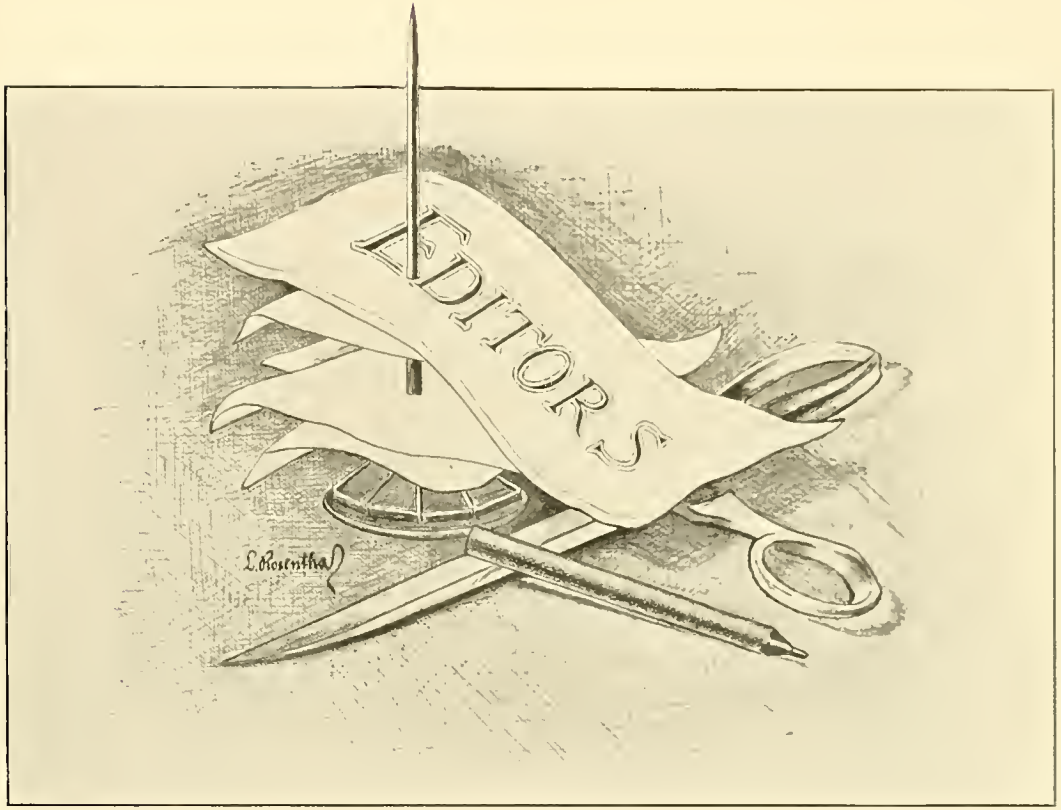
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"This book invites you, not to study, but to taste and rest."

TO ALL THE PEOPLES of the earth, salaam! To the former students of the Baltimore College of Dental Surgery at home and abroad, greeting!

"Of making many books there is no end," and yet we do not claim that this one is written "that the Scripture might be fulfilled," but rather that the children of this old institution by an effort in fraternal work might show their loyalty to the purposes which animated its founders. If our task has been undertaken with some disadvantage we are not discouraged, and offer no apology, for we remember that some of the first teaching of our College was done in a stable loft, and that the efforts of those who cared for its beginnings met with but scant sympathy and not a little opposition.

Here we are then to introduce a new factor in the development of college spirit, to add a new interest to college life, a diversion, and who that recalls the years of such a life would willingly part with the recollection of things not offered in the curriculum. Here we make a record, not for good and all, often a scratch in the sands, which the tide of good fortune, or the hidden impulses of growth and development, are welcome to fill up, but just a record in pleasantry of what we are or seem to be.

For the benefit of those who do not care to see themselves as they're put down, we tell the story of the man who by accident found himself crossing the playground of an insane asylum. With much misgiving and trepidation he moved on, when one of the inmates began to pursue him slowly at first, but faster and yet faster till he could feel the hot breath of his pursuer upon his neck, and was about to faint: then with a laugh and a light touch upon his shoulder his supposed destroyer bounded away crying, "You're it!"

Now that's the case here, "You're it," not forever, but "You're it" now just the same, ha! ha! and if you don't like it, a little fleetness of foot, a little fuller and freer inspiration, a few more regular and stronger heart-beats and you've passed it on. But you must be vigilant if you want to stay in the game, or you may be caught at its close and stay "it."

It goes without saying that this has not been considered the place to celebrate friendships or sing praises. A spirit of badinage and sportive comment rule here. All too soon the seriousness of life will be upon us; life with its competitions and struggles, where friendships must count and compliments must serve, but here in a mechanical and legislative way we have corralled the fun, the wit, the humor of the crowd. In after years when serious things occupy your attention, you may like to take this record from some neglected shelf and review the names and the situations. At such times it may be pleasant to recall among the memories of college days the toast of Tiny Tim, with which benediction I close this introduction, "God bless us every one."

B. Holly Smith.

OUR TEACHERS.

Our Teachers.

M. W. Foster, M.D., D.D.S.

The subject of this sketch, M. W. Foster, M.D., D.D.S., Professor of Pathology and Therapeutics, and Dean of the Baltimore College of Dental Surgery during the past seven years, has been associated with dental surroundings all his life; as his father was a practicing dentist and among the first to manufacture porcelain teeth, therefore, as a boy, the doctor became familiar with the methods used. These early surroundings may have influenced him to pursue the study of dentistry when his education was complete. After being in the office of Dr. Jesse C. Green, Westchester, Pa., for two years as a student, he attended the Philadelphia Dental College, session 1855. In 1856–57 practiced his profession in Indianapolis, returned East and formed an association with Dr. Swazy (a graduate of this school), of Easton, Pa. Later a co-partnership with Dr. Wm. Burkman, same city, after which, 1860–61, he practiced in Wilmington, Del., until the second year of the war. In the latter part of the year 1862 he was associated with Dr. Robert Arthur, of Baltimore, as an assistant, with whom he remained for five years. At this date, 1867, he located in the house now his residence. Dr. Foster was a professor of prosthetic dentistry in the Maryland Dental College and from it received an honorary diploma. When the Maryland Dental College was united with the Baltimore Dental College he served on the Board of Visitors until he was elected, on the first of May, 1882, to fill the chair he now occupies in this school.

In 1879 he received an honorary diploma from the Baltimore College of Dental Surgery, was graduated from the Washington University of Medicine in 1883. He was President of National Dental Association in 1889. In 1900 he was appointed by the Maryland State Society and the National American Association a delegate to Paris World's Convention.

Wm. Simon, Ph.D., M.D.

After having been ushered into this glorious world at a small German village, during a blustering February day of 1844, and after having enjoyed a few years of freedom, his training in harness (the latter resting on his shoulders now for over half a century) was commenced at school. Here the teachers of Greek

and Latin declared the boy to be a dunce and a nuisance, while those of natural history and mathematics claimed him most emphatically to be a wondrous bright boy.

Next he was placed in a drug store to pass an apprenticeship, full of hardships and of several courtships. These ——ships having finally all been passed successfully, studies were commenced at that little University of Giessen, made famous by having established under the leadership of the immortal Justus von Liebig the first chemical laboratory in the wide, wide world for public instruction in elementary affinity and atomic linkage.

Having imbibed freely of his *Alma Mater's* fountain of wisdom, and enough of the German student's national beverage, he was found worthy of the honor to add henceforth a Ph.D. to his name.

While next engaged as assistant and lecturer at the University, sound waves of the war-trumpet penetrated to the young doctor's ears and called him to the field of action, where he had an opportunity to assist in demonstrating to Napoleon III. that he was not permitted to change the geographical map of Europe, as his uncle had been fond of doing.

The doctor next accepted an offer, made to him by the Baltimore Chrome Works, to cross the big pond, act as their chemical adviser and demonstrate what German science and German thoroughness would accomplish when harnessed alongside of American skill and American ingenuity.

This step he has never regretted, as he found in this young and rapidly developing country a wide and remunerative field for his labors. At that time (1871) there existed as yet not a single chemical laboratory for educational purposes in all Baltimore, and by request of some medical students the young chemist from the other side fitted up a modest place, where he gave practical instruction in chemical operations, and thus laid the foundation for his life-work, *i. e.*, teaching.

How he ever succeeded in those early days to impart any knowledge to his classes is rather a mystery, because the difficulties of the English language offered an immense obstacle to an intelligent intercourse of thought between teacher and student.

However may the pupils have been attracted by the fun of the thing, or by other causes, the fact is recorded that quite a number of the most prominent physicians and pharmacists attended these first lessons in practical chemistry.

Indeed, so successful was this private course that the Maryland College of Pharmacy created the chair of analytical chemistry, which was offered to and gladly accepted by the Doctor. In the following year the College of Physicians and Surgeons was founded and for one session the Doctor delivered the lectures on

chemistry. May it be hoped that the students derived more benefit from the experimental demonstrations than from the lectures, still delivered with an accent utterly unintelligible to the hearers.

However, the beginning was made and, indeed, an appointment to a full professorship in the Maryland College of Pharmacy followed next year, necessitating, for want of time, the resignation at the College of Physicians and Surgeons, until some years later the Doctor resumed his duties at this rapidly growing institution, accepting later the chair of chemistry in the Baltimore College of Dental Surgery.

Dr. Latimer.

Dr. Latimer was born, 1839, in Georgia, but upon the death of his father, the family removed, while he was yet a child, to Southern Pennsylvania. He attended public and private schools and enjoyed the advantages of having a private tutor. He matriculated at the University of Maryland Medical School in 1859, graduating in 1861. At the outbreak of the Civil War Dr. Latimer espoused the cause of the South, and enlisted April 19 as a private in the First Regiment of Md. C. S. A., and went South early in May. After about eight months' service in the ranks, he was appointed Adjutant Surgeon to the Regiment. In the spring of 1862, he was made Assistant Medical Purveyor of the Army of Northern Virginia, which position he held until after the battle of Gettysburg. Soon after having had his rank advanced to that of Major Surgeon, he was put in charge of the Robinson Hospital and Confederate States Dispensary, in Richmond. After the fall of Richmond he was on his way to join the division of Gen. Jos. E. Johnson, but at Charlotte, N. C., receiving the news of the surrender, returned to Richmond. After a few months spent in the Spanish West Indies he came back to Virginia, where he spent the winter of 1865–66. Coming to Baltimore in the spring of 1866 with the intention of going to Mexico, he was deterred by a letter from General Early, who advised ex-Confederates to stay at home. The same year, receiving the appointment of Resident Physician to the University Hospital, he remained with the institution two years, resigning to begin private practice in which he has received recognition as one of the most skilful physicians in the city, holding a high place among his colleagues, and a large and lucrative practice. Dr. Latimer has also held for many years and is still professor in the College of Physicians and Surgeons, the Baltimore College of Dental Surgery, and during the existence of the Post Graduate Medical College, held a professorship in that.

He has served as President and Vice-President of the Medical and Chirurgical Faculty, and President of the Baltimore Medical Association. Of the writings of Dr. Latimer, the chief is, "Anatomy and Physiology of

Harris' Principles and Practice of Dentistry." His chapter on "Cerebro-Spinal Meningitis" is a well-written part in Loomis' Text-Book on Medicine, and his many monographs are papers of recognized merit.

B. Holly Smith.

B. Holly Smith was graduated from the Baltimore College of Dental Surgery in 1881, and made Assistant Demonstrator of Operative Dentistry the following session. He was next appointed Lecturer on Special Anatomy and Dental Materia Medica, later Professor of this chair, and is now Professor of Operative Dentistry and Dental Surgery. He was graduated from the College of Physicians and Surgeons in 1883, and is now Professor of Operative Dentistry and Dental Surgery as applied to medicine in that institution. He was formerly President of the Maryland State Dental Association and is now Chairman of its Executive Committee. He was at one time President of the Southern Dental Association, also of the National Dental Association; now a member of its Executive Council. He is now President of the National Association of Dental Faculties, of whose Executive Committee he was for some time the Secretary. He is an honorary member of the Washington City Dental Association, New Jersey State Society, North Carolina State Association, Texas State Association, Associate Member of the New York Academy of Stomatology, and New York Odontological Society, and also a member of the Baltimore County Medical Association.

Dr. William B. Finney.

Dr. William B. Finney, Professor of Dental Mechanism and Metallurgy at the Baltimore College of Dental Surgery, is one of the foremost dentists of Baltimore. He was born in Accomac County, Va., August 27, 1854, on the plantation of his father, the late Andrew Gordon Finney. He pursued his studies at the Academy of Locustville, Va., and at William and Mary College.

Coming to Baltimore, he acted as bookkeeper for the firm of T. C. Bunting & Co., and later entered the office of Dr. R. B. Winder as a private student, concurrently beginning his studies at the Baltimore College of Dental Surgery. About this time the Maryland Dental College was organized and Dr. Winder was made its Dean. Here Mr. Finney took his second year course and graduated, being yet under twenty-one years of age.

After graduation, he returned to his home, remaining there one year. He then went to Moorefield, Hardy County, W. Va., where he practiced three years.

In 1878, Doctor Finney was called to accept the position of Assistant Demonstrator of Operative Dentistry at the Baltimore College of Dental Surgery. This and the Maryland Dental College had amalgamated the year previous, adopting the name of the former for the combined institutions.

His diploma from the Maryland Dental College entitled him to one from the Baltimore College of Dental Surgery also.

Dr. Finney served as Assistant Demonstrator for six months, when he was made Demonstrator of Operative Dentistry, and Demonstrator in Charge of the Infirmary.

In this capacity Dr. Finney served for ten years, and during that time did not miss a single day's attendance at College. Professor Finney is a member of the Maryland State Dental Association, the Southern Dental Association, and the National Dental Association.

He is a Royal Arch Mason, having received that degree when but twenty-two years of age, and (last but not least) up to the present time has remained a bachelor.

William F. Smith, A.B., M.D.

William F. Smith, A.B., M.D., Lecturer on Regional Anatomy, Osteology and Bacteriology, graduated from City College, 1883; graduate from Johns Hopkins University, A.B., 1886; Teacher in McDonogh Institute, 1886–87; graduate from College of Physicians and Surgeons, 1889; Resident Physician City Hospital, 1889–92; Demonstrator of Anatomy, College of Physicians and Surgeons, 1893–96; Professor of Anatomy and Dermatology, 1896–99, College of Physicians and Surgeons; Lecturer on Anatomy, Bacteriology and Osteology, Baltimore College of Dental Surgery, 1894, which position he holds at present.

Edw. Hoffmeister, A.B., Ph.G., D.D.S.

Edw. Hoffmeister, A.B., Ph.G., D.D.S., Lecturer on Materia Medica and Demonstrator on Chemistry; graduated from Zion School, 1883; in City College, 1888; graduate from Maryland College of Pharmacy, 1892; graduate from Baltimore College of Dental Surgery, 1894, during which time he also took a special course of Chemistry at the Johns Hopkins University: graduate from Loyola College, A.B., 1896; Demonstrator in Chemistry, 1896, and Lecturer in Materia Medica at Baltimore College of Dental Surgery, 1897, which two latter positions he holds at present.

William G. Foster, D.D.S.

William G. Foster, D.D.S., Demonstrator of Operative Dentistry; entered Agricultural College of Maryland, 1876; appointed Captain at this Institution, 1877; graduated from Baltimore College of Dental Surgery, 1881; Demonstrator Mechanical Dentistry, 1889; Demonstrator of Operative Dentistry, 1895, which position he holds at present.

George E. Hardy, M.D., D.D.S.

George E. Hardy, M.D., D.D.S., Demonstrator of Mechanical Dentistry; graduated from Baltimore College of Dental Surgery, 1888, graduate from College of Physicians and Surgeons, 1889; Assistant Demonstrator Operative Dentistry, 1890; Demonstrator Mechanical Dentistry, 1895, at Baltimore College of Dental Surgery, which position he holds at present.

It may be stated that Dr. Hardy was in 1889 the youngest M.D., D.D.S. on record.

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Dr. Cyrus M. Gingrich was born in Dauphin County, Pa., in 1853. During the year 1876 he was graduated from the Maryland Dental College, which was afterwards merged into the Baltimore College of Dental Surgery. In 1890 he was elected President of the Maryland State Dental Association of which organization he had been a valuable member for three years. At the present time he is also a member of the Maryland State Examining Board.

Dr. Gingrich was appointed by the Faculty of the Baltimore College of Dental Surgery to the position of Clinical Instructor to demonstrate the manipulation of non-cohesive gold, of which he is an ardent advocate.

Dr. Thomas Sollers Waters was born in Montgomery County, Md., March 11, 1842. He was educated at Brookville Academy and Calvert Hall College, New Windsor, and studied dentistry under Dr. Philip Austin. He attended the Baltimore College of Dental Surgery for two terms, graduating in 1865.

He was for a number of years Demonstrator of Operative Dentistry and later of Mechanical Dentistry at his *Alma Mater*, and at present is Chief Clinical Instructor.

Dr. Waters is a member of American Dental Association, Southern Dental Association, honorary member of Dental Society of New York and Central Dental Association of New Jersey, President Maryland State Dental Association and President of National Association of Dental Examiners.

DEMONSTRATORS.

History of

Baltimore College of Dental Surgery.

IT WILL PROBABLY be news to most persons to know that Baltimore has the distinction of having instituted the first dental college in the world, and of having originated the degree of D.D.S., Doctor of Dental Surgery, now used in all parts of Europe, and wherever modern science has gained recognition throughout the world. Yes, such is the case. For many years the Baltimore College of Dental Surgery was the only institution of its kind in existence.

It was chartered in 1839 by the Act of the Legislature of the State of Maryland, the following gentlemen constituting the faculty: H. H. Hayden, M.D., Professor of Physiology and Pathology; A. W. Baxley, M.D., Professor of Anatomy; C. A. Harris, M.D., Professor of the Theory and Practice of Dentistry; and Thomas E. Bond, M.D., Professor of Therapeutics.

For this reason Baltimore may be said to be the cradle of dentistry and the dental profession.

Perhaps of no other profession can it be said, as of dentistry, that its evolution is embraced within the span of one human life.

The practical inauguration of the new college presented a difficulty well known in America, when professors often outnumbered students. At length five legitimate students of dentistry were found to covet the honor of the new title D.D.S., and the first course of instruction was given in the winter of 1840-41. The didactic lectures were delivered in a small room, publicly situated, but the teachings of practical anatomy demanded privacy, and other prudential considerations also suggested the use for that purpose of a secluded stable loft, the prejudice of the community against dissection having shown itself some years before.

Dr. Bond, in his valedictory to the graduates, at its first commencement exercises March, 1841, says "You have been taught that dental surgery is not a new art separate from, and independent of, general medicine; but that it is an important branch of the science of healing. You have seen and traced out the exquisitely beautiful machinery by which the human organism is everywhere knit together; you have carefully examined the phenomena of health and disease, as they are manifested in the dental arch, its connections and relations, and you have been taught to regard the human body as a whole, united in all its parts, and pervaded everywhere by strong and active sympathies; and your principles of practice have been carefully formed on a sound knowledge of general medicine and it is therefore that you must be thoroughly educated in the fundamental branches of medicine as the medical man himself."

The College was organized with the design of teaching dentistry as a regular branch of medicine, and in order to denote the phenomenal progress of the old Baltimore College of Dental Surgery, we will start at the time of its birth, when there were about 1200 practitioners of dentistry in America, more than one-half of whom were ignorant, incapable men, whose knowledge was composed of a few secrets which they had purchased at fabulous prices from other charlatans.

Three or four weeks they considered ample time in which to attain all the knowledge necessary to the successful pursuit of the calling. Hence contrast the past with the present.

This is the sixty-first year of the career of the College with its prospects for usefulness brighter than ever. It has added to its faculty and clinical corps strong and active men, and is better equipped to carry out the purpose of its inception than at any period of its existence.

The results of its work in sixty-one years are world-wide in their influence upon dentistry.

Over nineteen hundred graduates have gone from this College into practice, and these are scattered all over the civilized world. They are located in nearly every city of Europe. They lead the profession in all the great centres of civilization and have won eminence in England, France, Russia, Switzerland, Spain and Italy. The have carried the honors of the institution into Asia, Australia, and the land of the pyramids, while in every State in our Republic they have demonstrated their own worth and the excellent training afforded them by their *Alma Mater*. They have met with signal honor abroad, nearly every court dentist in Europe being a graduate of this institution.

The present staff of instructors is composed of the following:

Faculty.

M. Whillden Foster, M.D., D.D.S., *Dean and Professor of Therapeutics and Pathology.*
William B. Finney, D.D.S., *Professor of Dental Mechanism and Metallurgy.*
B. Holly Smith, M.D., D.D.S., *Professor of Dental Surgery and Operative Dentistry.*
Thomas S. Latimer, M.D., *Professor of Physiology and Comparative Anatomy.*
William Simon, Ph.D., M.D., *Professor of Chemistry.*
Charles F. Bevan, M.D., *Clinical Professor of Oral Surgery.*
J. W. Chambers, M.D., *Professor of Anatomy.*
William F. Lockwood, M.D., *Professor of Materia Medica.*

Lecturers.

William F. Smith, A.B., M.D., *Regional Anatomy.*
Edw. Hoffmeister, A.B., Ph.G., D.D.S., *Materia Medica.*
J. N. Farrar, M.D., D.D.S., *Irregularities.*
George Evans, D.D.S., *Crown and Bridge Work.*
Kasson C. Gibson, D.D.S., *Oral Deformities and Fractured Maxillaries.*
John Walterhouse Lord, A.B., LL.B., *Counsel and Lecturer on Dental Jurisprudence.*

Clinical Instructors.

William G. Foster, D.D.S., *Demonstrator of Operative Dentistry.*
George E. Hardy, M.D., D.D.S., *Demonstrator of Mechanical Dentistry.*
Edw. Hoffmeister, A.B., Ph.G., D.D.S., *Demonstrator of Chemistry.*

Assistant Demonstrators.

W. W. Dunbracco, D.D.S.
J. C. Sutherland, D.D.S.
Harry E. Kelsey, D.D.S.
C. R. Stewart, D.D.S.
L. F. Palmer, D.D.S.
J. K. Burgess, D.D.S.
Geo. V. Millholland, D.D.S.
L. M. Parsons, D.D.S.
C. S. Gore, D.D.S.
L. D. Coriell, D.D.S.
L. R. Pennington, D.D.S.
H. H. Hayden, M.D., *Demonstrator of Anatomy.*
C. F. Blake, M.D., *Demonstrator of Anatomy.*

NAUGHTY THREES.

FRESHMAN CLASS OFFICERS.

Freshman Class, 1903.

Motto—Pergite!

Colors—Royal Blue and Maroon. Flower—White Carnation.

Yell.

Sis, boom, Bah,
Sis, boom, Bah,
'03, '03,
Rah! Rah! Rah!
B. C. D. S.
Rah!

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Gilbert E. Armacost,
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Ray L. Osborne,
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William A. Ribble,
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John L. Rice,
Nat. L. Soule,
Antonio Estacior da Silveria,
Worth N. Smith,
Mathew M. Shea,
H. Stoner,
Fred S. Smith,
William A. Tretheway,
C. Lorne Thompson,
Ernest C. Vitou,
J. Fred Worrell,
Non D. Ward.
Mary P. Bosley.

Class of 1903.

Every nation has a history. As with nations so with individuals or an organization. The more centuries a country has existed the more extensive are its annals. Accordingly an advanced class is expected to submit a much longer data of events, but not necessarily a more interesting one.

Have you ever seen a rose unfold? First, nothing is distinguishable but the spherical bud. It has no points of interest, nor of beauty. It is simply a green mass. Gradually it begins to open, the green slowly gives place to a blushing red, a delicate pink, or perhaps to a pure white. Behold! when the sun has reached the zenith, the rose has completely unfolded and presents to view all its beauty, its grandeur, and its loveliness as it gracefully waves to and fro in the breeze.

As with the rose, so with the Class of Nineteen-hundred-and-three. At the beginning it was indeed "a bunch of greenness," assembled from all portions of the earth. Few rays of intellectual light from the professional world had ever gained admittance into the dark recesses of this promiscuous mass. But as the days glided away, lo! what a change! Each minute seemed to develop some faculty, expose a new talent, or increase a power; until now at the close of the session the Freshman class stands as a model for brilliancy, dexterity and skill. This class is only one-third unfolded. Present indications tend to show that when the sun of nineteen hundred and three reaches the zenith, it will be capable of penetrating to any part of that once green body, and cause it to sparkle with such brilliancy that the Faculty of the B. C. D. S. will flash refulgent in its light.

This renowned class was organized during the early part of October with a membership of sixty (being the sixth year of the reign of Our Most High and Mighty Tepid Water). Mr. Fred. E. Hatch was unanimously elected to the Presidency, while the Vice-President, George Carr, and the Secretary, Richard A. Ker, were equally honored. The other officers were duly chosen after the usual amount of competition and politics. Around this centre the entire class has revolved, throwing considerable water and plaster of paris in the faces of the upper classmen. Perhaps the events preceding the first meeting will be of interest and bear recording. It seems that it has been the precedent for years for the Seniors and Juniors to be first to assemble within the time-honored walls of the Lecture Hall and hold their class meetings. The Class of

Nineteen-hundred-and-three thought they would attempt to make a departure from this custom. Accordingly a note was sent (by rapid transit) to the lecturer for the purpose of announcing a meeting of that organization. The venerable man likewise received one from the semi-dignified Juniors, and desiring to be courteous (having in mind that old maxim, "age before beauty"), he read in his strong and forcible manner: "There will be a meeting of Junior Class after this lecture," then proceeded to announce the second which was now void. The Freshmen left the room and the Juniors held undisputed sway.

The following day a meeting of the Naught Three's was officially announced and all first year men remained, each one to assist in forming that gigantic organization which is now heard and read about as the Class of Nineteen-hundred-and-three. Likewise many second and third year men lingered about the room. They were kindly invited to close the doors on the outside—they sent their regrets—for a brief time silence reigned supreme, but it was only for a moment. Then there was a mighty crash and the Naughty Three's rushed down on the dignified body of upper classmen like an avalanche.

"There was a rush and blows
And many a bloody nose."

For a time H_2O and $CaSO_4$ were the chief constituents of the atmosphere. Cupp distinguished himself with the water bucket and received an Order from Dr. Hoffmeister. The mighty onrushes of Worrell won for him his office. Foster's strength astonished the omnipotent Seniors. The agility of Hess caused the floor to tap many gently on the back of the head. Alford, Vitou and many other heroes made themselves famous during this "scrap." At the end of five minutes the upper classmen had evaporated and the Freshmen were left to sing the "Te Deum" of victory in the ruins of the battle hall.

It is conceded by the Senior and Junior classes that the cutest thing they have accomplished during the session is the publication of a poster, which bore the headline, "Rules to the Freshmen," and signed by the Vigilant Committee. These dodgers gained for the upper classmen considerable reputation, as is shown by the following clippings:

> The upper classmen of the B.C.D.S. have issued a poster designating what is consistent for the Freshmen to do while at college. It should be appreciated by those for whom it is intended, for it shows the genuine interest taken in them. —*Baltimore Peacemaker.*

> The Freshman Class of the B.C.D.S. have been quite fortunate in being brought so conspicuously before the public by the posters published by the Upper Classmen of the said college. We fail to see upon whom is the most ridicule, for the composition and meaning of these dodgers would have done more credit to a kindergarten. —*Baltimore Observer.*

One article seemed to make a forcible impression on the class of Naught Three. It read: "Any one defacing or destroying these posters will be promptly attended by the Vigilant Committee," or something to the same effect. It seemed to be the most earnest desire of the entire class to be "attended" by that committee, for within the hour it would have been difficult in the extreme to have discovered a trace of the once famous posters even with a microscope. Inasmuch as there has been no outcome for that hour's work, the conclusion has been drawn that the committee, like the posters, were "poor stuff."

Before closing the annals of this history, something said concerning the hospitality of our President would not be inconsistent. Directly following the election of officers, Mr. Hatch invited the Freshmen and Junior classes to a social banquet. After an evening passed amid merry jokes, witty sayings and choice viands, all returned to their homes in a joyful and exhilarating mood, cherishing a tender feeling in their heart towards the President of the Class of Nineteen-hundred-and-three.

On the fifteenth of January, the Freshman Class again assembled at an invitation from their President to spend another evening in social intercourse. The Mandolin and Guitar Club was present, and the sweet, quick strains of music issuing from the instruments soon caused a general good humor to prevail. Members of all classes and even visitors responded willingly to toasts or speeches. The feature of the evening was the solos rendered by Mr. Kennedy and Mr. Shea (Freshmen), and Mr. Breining, of the Senior Class. The time seemed to glide away, and when the hour for departure arrived each one voted that it had been one of the most enjoyable evenings ever spent in Baltimore.

The session is now drawing to a close. Time and cordiality have brought about a reconciliation among the students of the three classes. The Freshmen have learned to honor and respect the upper classmen, and in turn have won the good-will of all by their willingness, cheerfulness, ingenuity. So far the Class of Nineteen-hundred-and-three has left a record of which it has reasons to be proud. If each member will always bear in mind our motto, "Pergite!" our career through college will be one of dazzling brilliancy, and "The Royal Blue and Maroon" will sweep a broad circle on the path of glory-making deep resounding echoes along the glittering corridors of fame.

THE HISTORIAN.

Freshman Hash.

GILBERT HAVEN ALFORD . . . . . Baltimore, Md.

Preceptor—B.C.D.S.

"But what have I with love to do,
For sterner cares my lot pursue."

GILBERT ELWOOD ARMACOST . . . Baltimore, Md.

Preceptor—Dr. R. R. Copeland.

"Study—how can I?
But I know I must,
Or flunk in the end
And drop all my dust."

BERT FRANK ALLEN . . . . . East Roxbury, Vt.

Preceptor—B.C.D.S.

There is nothing in chemistry he does not know.

HOWARD LANE AVERILL . . . . . Bristol, Vt.

Preceptor—B.C.D.S.

His hair will always be auburn until he dyes.

WILLIAM VALE ANKENY . . . . . Johnstown, Pa.

Preceptor—Dr. A. M. German.

Kind hearted but firm with his creditors.

EMILE J. ARCAND . . . . . Fall River, Mass.

Greek is not a circumstance when compared with anatomy.

SAMUEL T. BAILEY . . . . . Mount Hope, W. Va

Preceptor—B.C.D.S.

"Red was his nose,
Slow was his gait,
He always came in
A little bit late."

J. A. BLOCH . . . . . Copenhagen, Denmark.

Preceptor—B.C.D.S.

"Go, roam the world from East to West
Search every land beneath the sky,
You cannot find a man so blest,
A king so powerful as I."

THOMAS BRADY . . . . . Fall River, Mass.

Preceptor—B.C.D.S.

"His voice is as musical as a harp."

A. M. BELL . . . . . Canada.

Preceptor—B.C.D.S.

"His head was so loaded
That it nearly exploded."

FRANK J. BOSLETT . . . . . Johnstown, Pa

Preceptor—Dr. J. G. Broad.

"His quiet ways plainly told the State from which he came."

HARRY BUCKNER . . . . . Baltimore, Md

Preceptor—B.C.D.S.

"A man with much brains and little wit."

MARY PARKER BOSLEY, Towson, Baltimore Co., Md

Preceptor—Dr. W. E. Pierce.

The queen of the B.C.D.S. to whom all pay homage.

EDWARD SAMUEL BLYTHE . . . . . Kane, Pa.

Preceptor—B.C.D.S.

"When I think on the happy days
I spent wi' you, my dearie,
And now what lands between us lie,
How can I be but eerie."

GERMANICO S. BELAVAL . . . . . Ponce, Porto Rico

Preceptor—B.C.D.S.

Courtesy personified.

GEORGE CARR . . . . . Scranton, Pa.

Preceptor—Dr. H. T. Avery.

"As set in his ways as the rock of Gibraltar."

AMOS FRENCH CUPP . . . . . Kane, Pa.

Preceptor—Dr. R. N. Randles.

"I'm in my glory
When carving soap,
If no one enters the contest
There will be some hope."

ALAN BALDWIN CECIL . . . . . Baltimore, Md

Preceptor—B.C.D.S.

"I am not a football player
As my appearance indicates,
But my chief occupation
Is making rubber plates."

JAMES F. CLARK . . . . . Pawtucket, R. I.

Preceptor—Dr. F. E. Gormley.

He has mistaken his vocation, he should have been an author.

CLEMENT CHARLES CONDON . . . Baker City, Ore.

Preceptor—Dr. R. P. Myers.

Poor fellow, change that look of woe.

KENNETH E. CROOKS . . . . . Williamsport, Pa.

Preceptor—Dr. N. P. Hubbard.

His name is Crooks, but there is nothing crooked about him.

WILLIAM T. DONNELLY . . . . . Fall River, Mass.

Preceptor—B.C D.S.

Poor fellow, few can read your writing.

HARRY GUY DECKER . . . . . Port Clinton, O.

Preceptor—Dr. J. G. Yingling.

"They '*dumpted*' soap on my clothes,
And threw it in my eyes,
Still, I will not complain
If I only win the prize."

HERMANO DE LEMOS . . . . . Para, U. S. of Brazil.

Preceptor—B.C.D.S.

"By Fate's benevolent award,
Should I survive the day,
I'll drink a bumper with my class
About the last of May."

JOSEPH H. ELLIOTT . . . . . Port George, N. S.

Preceptor—B.C.D.S.

"Someone must have an awful face,
For he is always changing his boarding place."

HARRY P. EMEIS . . . . . Logan, Utah.
Preceptor—Dr. C. Cartwright.
Who knows but that he is a polygamist.

EDWARD J. EVANS. . . . . Marion, N. C.
Preceptor—B.C.D.S.
"Scrappy and jolly."

CLARENCE EVERETT FOSTER . . Graysville, Mo.
Preceptor—Dr. A. W. Trussell.
"I paid a truckman fifty cents
To take my trunk I don't know whence;
For not taking his number I was a jack,
And as a result it never came back."

WILLIAM B. FLYNN . . . . . Fall River, Mass.
Preceptor—Dr. J. W. Coughlin.
"When do the Freshmen hand in their thirty dollars for their diplomas?"

HARVEY MILTON GIBSON . . . . . Fairy Hill, N.C.
Preceptor—B.C.D.S.
"The Professor and I are from the same State. I like peanuts and he does not."

MAURIC R. GEIDNER . . . . . Wilkesbarre, Pa.
Preceptor—Dr. A. G. Finney.
We are told that the hairs of our heads are numbered, so are those of his mustache.

FRED AUGUSTUS GRAY . . . . . Winchester, Ind.
Preceptor—Dr. C. F. Gray.
"I have the signs and symbols of chemistry so well that I can play them on the piano."

E. B. GREENE . . . . . Indianola, Miss.
Preceptor—Dr. Hardy.
"Whosoever shall smite thee on the right cheek turn to him the other also."

LOUIS C. HESS. . . . . Cobleskill, N. Y.
Preceptor—B.C.D.S.
A fellow whom the students cannot guy.
And one who learns his lessons without a sigh.
In the extracting room he has lots of gall,
After extracting ten he said, "Is that all?"

FRED ELLWORTH HATCH, ... Burlington, Vt.

Preceptor—B.C.D.S.

"He always has his work all done,
Long before others have begun.
At making plates he can't be beat,
For he obtains the samples from Lexington Street."

WILLIAM J. JACKSON . . . . . Fall River, Mass.

Preceptor—B.C.D.S.

"I hope it will not be deemed a sin
If I only answer with a grin."

RICHARD ALEXANDER KER . . . . . Elmira, N. Y.

Preceptor—Dr. R. Ker.

"Always late."

CHARLES FULLER KIDDER, ... Waterville, Me.

Preceptor—Dr. E. H. Kidder.

"He certainly seems to be given to dreams during lectures."

JOHN TIMOTHY KENNEDY . . . . . Worcester, Mass.

Preceptor—Dr. Thomas F. Daniels.

"Who is it that loves to sing,
Until the bare rafters ring?"

E. A. LENERT, ... La Grange, Tex.

Preceptor—Dr. R. P. Thomas.

"His wits are as keen as his foils."

ALEXANDER LINTON . . . Creighton, Jamaica, B.W.I.

Preceptor—B.C.D.S.

"Why so pale and wan."

GUY ROBERT LOVE . . . . . Coshocton, O.

Preceptor—B.C.D.S.

"Teach me, Professor, is it right to do it so?"

WILLIAM ARBA MABIE . . . . . Cobleskill, N. Y.

Preceptor—Dr. L. T. Browne.

He "may be" a chemist, but we doubt it.

G. D. MORRISON . . . . . Middletown, N. S.

Preceptor—Dr. Hews.

"They are fools who kiss and tell,
Wisely has the poet sung.
Man may hold all sorts of posts
If he'll only hold his tongue."

J. LANNIE METCALF . . . . . La Grange, Tex.

Preceptor—B.C.D.S.

"Dr. Hardy says it is fate,
But if the rubber holds out
I will get a good plate."

I. LEON MANSBACH . . . . . Baltimore, Md.

Preceptor—B.C.D.S.

"See for yourself. He has iron jaws."

FRANK ROBERT MARTIN . . . . . Graceham, Md.

Preceptor—Dr. E. B. Sefton.

"Pray tell, what is there in the quizzes which so rattle me."

RAY L. OSBORNE . . . . . Pine Bluff, Ark.

Preceptor—Dr. J. D. Loetzerich.

"Little—but O my!!!"

G. P. PAYZANT . . . . . Halifax, N. S.

Preceptor—B.C.D.S.

"I don't know. How do you do it?"

J. W. FLETCHER . . . . . McCracken, Pa.

Preceptor—Dr. W. C. Dawson.

"If you are wicked,
Come my way;
For I am the President
Of the Y. M. C. A."

O'NEILL DREAMING OF HIS SWEETHEART.

WILLIAM O'NEILL . . . . . Bristol, Vt.

Preceptor—B.C.D.S.

"Whan I sleep I dream,
Whan I wauk I'm eerie:
Sleep I canna get
From thinking o' my dearie."

SMITH POLISHING A RUBBER PLATE.

FRED S. SMITH . . . . . Greenwood, B. C.
Preceptor—B.C.D.S.
No chemistry for him unfolds her gases.

JAMES MADISON PORTER . . . . . Cumberland, Md.
Preceptor—Dr. Sickes.
"You're a bad habit forming,
Of sleeping in the morning."

WILLIAM A. RIBBLE. . . . . Wilkesbarre, Pa.
Preceptor—Dr. A. Gordon Finney.
"Thy cheeks are fat enough to kiss."

JOHN LEROY RICE . . . . . Winthrop, N. Y.
Preceptor—B.C D.S.
"My wife is fond of Rice."

THOMAS ROBERTSON . . . . . Summerside, Canada.
Preceptor—B.C D.S.
"He hides his light under a bushel."

NAT. L. SOULE . . . . . St. Albans, Vt.
Preceptor—Dr. A. B. Soule.
"During the hour of quiz,
He looks about him with that air
Of supercilious despair."

WORTH OSCAR SMITH. . . . . Scranton, Pa.
Preceptor—B.C.D.S.
"Cigars! Not five a grab but five at a grab."

MATHEW MARCUS SHEA . . . . . Fall River, Mass.
Preceptor—B.C.D.S.
"My name is Shea, Doctor."

ANTONIO ESTACIOR DA SILVEIRA,
Azores, Fayal, Portugal.
Preceptor—B.C.D.S.
"Already that diamond medal is mine."

HERBERT STONER . . . . . New York.

Preceptor—B.C.D.S.

"Go, little book! the world is wide,
There is room and verge enough for thee."

C. LORNE THOMPSON,
St. Andrews, New Brunswick, N. S.

Preceptor—B.C.D.S.

He is so bright that he can read by his own light.

WILLIAM ALEXANDER TRETHEWAY,
New Germany, Luxemburg Co., N. S.

Preceptor—B.C.D.S.

"Grow old along with me,
The best is yet to be."

ERNEST CHARLES VITOU. . . . . Boston, Mass.

Preceptor—B.C.D.S.

"Vitou is a dutiful lover,
Twice a week he writes to his mother(?);
And to a colored woman he was no brother,
For he looked at one tooth and extracted the other."

J. FRED WORRELL, St. Andrews, New Brunswick, Can.

Preceptor—B.C.D.S.

"I am a son of Mars, who has been in many wars,
And show my cuts and scars wherever I come;
This here was for a wench, and that other in a trench
When welcoming the Juniors at the sound of the drum."

NON DURA WARD. . . . . Davidson, Ala.

Preceptor—B.C.D.S.

"What need I of lectures."

HISTORIAN.

VITOU AND DR. HARDY.

A Freshman's Dream.

It was a brilliant starry night in January, and 'neath the roof of one of the elegant houses of Baltimore a zealous Freshman lay, all unconscious to the outer world, and his fancies would fain take him to his future home.

He is, in a moment's time, carried to a land of delight, but he does not see, as he was wont to expect, the pearly gates and streets of gold, but, raising his hand to his eyes, he sees in the distance a personage whom he recognizes as St. Peter, who is standing at the foot of a magnificent golden ladder. He, with cautious footsteps, approaches and inquires the way to Heaven.

St. Peter replies that already he is well along on his journey and that now he must ascend the ladder before him, and, handing him a piece of chalk, said:

"To each and every one who ascends this ladder I give this piece of chalk; you are to write your sins on the *rungs* of this ladder as you go up and at the end of this you will find your much-sought place."

The Freshman takes the chalk and, stepping to the ladder, writes one sin on the first rung, and, being unable to think of more, he gazes upward and sees, to his great surprise, a noble Senior descending the ladder and he accosts him thus:

"Oh, most noble Senior, *why* returnest thou?"

To which the truthful man replied: "I want more chalk."

A Chemistry Lesson.

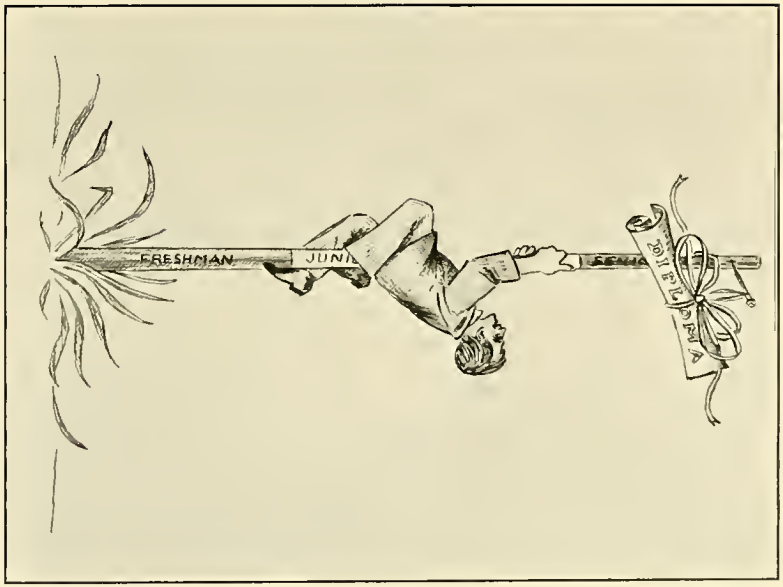
(Omitted from Dr. Simon's Text-Book.)

Baltimore College of Dental Surgery, Sub-Freshman Class (BC_2FDS_2) is an organic compound discovered some years ago, but of so little importance that it is of scientific interest only. It occurs in nature as irregular, homogeneous masses. Its chief characteristic is its "glorious uselessness."

Properties.—It is a green substance, insoluble in water, but strangely affected by alcohol. It is combustible and has a valence of two. It exists neither in form of crystallization nor organization, still it is deliquescent, taking up water when nothing stronger can be found. It has great affinity for FC (Freshman Class) but is not allowed to unite with it for a year because it would make an unstable compound. It is finally converted into Baltimore College of Dental Surgery Freshman Class (BC_2FDS) by the addition of a session.

FRESHMAN BOARD OF EDITORS.

W. A. Mabie. Fred Allen. W. Crookes. W. Ankeny.
H. T. Decker. Mary P. Bosley. E. Vitou.


FRESHMAN

JUNIOR CLASS OFFICERS.

Class of 1902.

Motto—Vincit, qui se Vincit.

Colors—Dark Blue and White.

Yell.

Exostosis, Cementosis,
Razzle, Dazzle, Rip, Rap, Roo,
B.C.D.S. B.C.D.S.,
We're the Class of 1902.

Officers.

Edgar D. Barclay, President.
Frank P. Tierney, Secretary.
Thomas J. Corbett, Historian.
Emory C. Thompson, Vice-President.
Frank J. Boyce, Treasurer.
Hay McCuskey, Artist.
Fred House, Sergeant-at-Arms.

Executive Committee.

D. M. Biggs,
F. A. Gibbons,
J. L. Piper,
E. Shoemaker,
L. B. Tearney.

Success.

The man who always seems to win
Of fortune's smiles the greatest share,
Is he who knows how to begin and end,
And when, and what, and where.

How to begin and end, and what, and when, and where. This is the proposition that confronted the majority of the members of this class as they entered the City of Monuments in October, 1899.

We have begun. A year has sped quickly by. It has been a pleasant and profitable one. We have been rewarded for our year's labor and study with the dignified title of Junior. We have abandoned the frills and fancies of our Freshmanhood and have entered upon our second year with a renewed determination to start the new century well.

When we entered we were seventy-eight strong. A few have fallen by the wayside, but the number is small. We have been reinforced in our Junior year by enough new enthusiasts from other colleges to bring our number up to seventy-three.

To bestow a fitting description upon this class as a whole would be a difficult undertaking. Suffice it to say that we are possessed of all the *good* characteristics of the average American youth of twenty-three years.

We make no claims to greatness as a class. We leave that to the individual members. We are content with being considered as the average class. We may have some Horace Wells in our midst, but it will take time and opportunity to develop them. Unquestionably we have some bright ones as well as faithful plodders all striving with vim and energy for a diploma and a degree from our *Alma Mater* that for many, many years fostered and cared for many a son.

To particularize the brilliant characteristics of the individual members of our class and to fully record the many ways in which each has thus early in life distinguished himself, would require one possessed of exceptional biographical ability. We have a member to whom we point with pride because of his beauty, another because of his Chesterfieldian conduct, etc., until the end of the roll.

No better plan suggests itself by which the reader may become better acquainted with the young and ambitious caries fighters than to relate some truthful (?) incidents of their college career.

BARCLAY MAKING AN INSOLUBLE SALT.

EDGAR DENTON BARCLAY . . . . . Scranton, Pa.

Preceptor—B.C.D.S.

Edgar has the distinction of being President of our class and a very proud man, partly because of his exalted position, but mainly on account of his boy. Going down Eutaw Street last week he met an old friend whom he had not seen for years. After the usual greetings Barclay informed him that he was married and was the father of a healthy baby boy, whom everyone claimed was the image of him. The friend looked at him for a moment, and as our President does not wear medals for his facial appearance, he remarked, "Well, don't you care old man, so long as the child is healthy!"

DAVID MORRISON BIGGS . . . . . Baltimore, Md.

Preceptor—B.C.D.S.

David is a quiet and unassuming fellow. He is a great lover of music. One of his many lady friends of this city has a mania for singing, and she is seldom fortunate in striking the right key. He told me of her the other day, and said that he had discovered a remedy for her affliction, and satisfied my curiosity by saying, "Well, you see I get a piece of tarred rope and let her chew on that until she gets the right pitch."

LEWIS WARREN CROSBY . . . . . Bridgeport, Conn.

Preceptor—F. H. Jackman, D.D.S.

Lew comes from that Connecticut town which is noted for its fine cigars. Just before leaving last fall for college he went into a cigar store opposite the depot, bought a cigar, and biting off the end pulled out a piece of calico. He told the proprietor that he didn't

come there to buy dry goods. The proprietor replied, "Don't blame me; it was the fault of the girl who made it. She didn't know the difference between a mother hubbard and a Connecticut wrapper."

HENRY LLOYD GALL . . . . . Thurmont, Md.
Preceptor—B.C.D.S.

Henry is a lover of fast horses. A friend of his invited him to take a drive to the Gentlemen's Driving Park, and describing the ride afterwards he said, "The horse ran so fast the telegraph poles looked like the teeth in a fine tooth-comb."

FERDINAND LAUTENBACK, JR. . . . . Baltimore, Md.
Preceptor—J. C. Sutherland, D.D.S.

Fred is noted for his wit. He came into the Lecture Room the other morning, and before the lecture he was reading the Baltimore *Sun*. Turning to his seatmate he remarked that elopements were getting fashionable. "Is that so?" replied his friend. "Yes," said Fred, "there is an article here of a horse running away with a young widow."

M. F. F. MARLIER DE ROUTON, M.D.,
Breda, Holland.
Preceptor—B.C.D.S.

"Doc" during the last session cultivated the acquaintance of two young men. One night after visiting one whom he found very sick, he proceeded to climb the fence and save walking around the square. It was so dark that the Doctor did not see where he was going to land, and fell into a well. After he had reached his room and had related his experience, the boys had no sympathy for him, as they said it was his duty to take care of the sick and leave the *well* alone.

LEO BERNARD TEARNEY . . . . . Cumberland, Md.
Preceptor—T. S. Watters, D.D.S.

Leo thinks he is a very attractive looking fellow. Last fall he attended a great football game at Philadelphia, and as he was coming out of the depot some of the hackmen, elated at his beauty, cried out, "Hansom! Hansom! Hansom!"

G. GUY SHOEMAKER . . . . . Cumberland, Md.
Preceptor—H. E. Smith, D.D.S.

"Guy by name—not by nature." Guy is a lucky fellow. While going down to the dental supply rooms one morning last December he found a pocketbook containing $200. Its loss was advertised and Guy returned it. The owner didn't even thank him, but wanted Guy to pay interest for the time he had the money. "Guy by name—not by nature."

CHAS. B. SHOEMAKER . . . . . Buffalo Mills, Pa.
Preceptor—B.C.D.S.

Charlie, after returning from Christmas vacation, decided to try a new boarding-house. After finding one he was told to take his overcoat off, as he wouldn't

feel it when he went out. Sure enough, he didn't feel it when he came out—he has not felt it since.

JAMES ARCHIBALD McMURDO,
Sommerside, Prince Edward Island, Canada.

Preceptor—B.C.D.S.

Jim tells a very good story of what he calls one of the many incidents of his college life. Last spring, as he was crossing the North River on the ferry-boat, he was attracted by the appearance of a head of golden (?) hair, and the owner noticing him staring said, "Rubber!" "O," replies Jim, "I thought it was real!"

FRANCIS JOSEPH TIERNEY . . . . . Fall River, Mass.

Preceptor—T. P. Sullivan, D.D.S.

Frank is a very ambitious student. He pays so much attention to his studies that he is at his books week-days and Sundays, fishdays and holidays, morning, noon and night.

JOHAN EMILE BOIVIN . . . . . St. Albans, Vt.

Preceptor—C. S. Campbell, D.D.S.

Johan thinks of the Baltimore girls continually. They are so attractive to him that the other night when the Salvation Army band were holding a meeting at the corner of Lexington and Howard Streets, in the usual act of saving people, Johan walked up to the captain and asked him if he saved men and women. "Certainly," replied the captain. "Do you also save girls?" asked Johan, and when the captain answered in the affirmative, Johan replied, "Then I have a friend; would you mind saving us two next Saturday afternoon?"

EDWIN WAYNE BICKFORD . . . . . Rockland, Me.

Preceptors—M. S. Austin, D.D.S., and R. B. Bickford, D.D.S.

Edwin is always fond of telling the boys about what happens away up in Maine. The boys were talking about the weather the other day when he said, "Why, boys, the wind is so strong up my way that if a man's hat blows off he has to telegraph to the next town to have some one stop it."

EDWARD DEICHMAN, JR. . . . . Baltimore, Md.

Preceptor—Geo. L. Deichman, D.D.S.

Ed is the thinnest (?) man in the class. He has to weekdays and Sundays, fishdays and holidays, morncutting his suspenders.

GEORGE EDWIN SUTPHIN . . . . . Berkeley, W. Va.

Preceptor—S. S. Sutphin, D.D.S.

George is a very unlucky fellow. Whenever he travels to or from home there is always an accident happening to the last car. He complained to the directors of the road, and they held a meeting, determined that in the future they would leave the last car off.

BOYCE AND HIS FAVORITE SUIT.

FRANCIS J. BOYCE . . . . . Pleasant Mount, Pa.
Preceptor—B.C.D.S.

Frank attended a masquerade ball at Lehmann's Hall last January. After 12 o'clock the doorkeeper asked him to remove his mask. Frank replied, "Why, I haven't any on."

JOHN DAVIS BURT. . . . . Saratoga, N. Y.
Preceptor—A. C. Rich, D.D.S.

Jack is a very attentive ladies' man. In fact, he considers it essential to the profession to know how to treat the fair sex well. He knows a young lady who resides on Charles Street, and while making his usual visit last week he talked over the last ball that he had attended. Suddenly his thoughts wandered back to the nice fish balls which he had for lunch, and he asked, "How do you like fish balls?" She replied that she didn't know; she had never attended one.

WILLIAM AUGUSTUS HAYES . . . Charlotte, N. C.
Preceptor—Chas. L. Alexander, D.D.S.

Will is a sensitive fellow. He believes in practical experience, and therefore in his room he has this motto: "Honesty is the best policy," turned toward the wall. It happened in this way, when returning from luncheon one afternoon Bill found a lady's gold watch on Madison Avenue. The following morning its loss was advertised in the Baltimore *Sun*. He went promptly to return it, and from the poor description decided to call again in the afternoon. This time the young lady was there, and also a detective. The young lady claimed that Bill looked very much like the man who stood near her at the meeting of the Woman's Reform Club when the lights went out. He was arrested as a pickpocket, and it took him four hours to convince the police that the lady was mistaken.

CORBETT WRITING CLASS HISTORY BY THE LIGHT OF HIS OWN COUNTENANCE.

THOS. JOHN CORBETT . . . . . New Haven, Conn.

Preceptor—W. J. Mayer, D.D.S.

"Modesty forbids further utterance."

EMORY CHAS. THOMPSON . . . . . St. Paul, Minn.

Preceptor—Ivar E. Sigueland, D.D.S.

Emory owns a fast horse. He used to keep him in one of those noted Baltimore alleys, and every time he went to feed him he had to take off his coat and vest and go up the alley sideways. One day a boy fed the horse on dried apples and warm water. Emory had to tear down the buildings to get his horse out.

HAY B. McCUSKEY . . . . . Moundville, W. Va.

Preceptor—B.C.D.S.

Teddy is a very weak and delicate boy. During his last vacation he thought he would do a little manual labor. He finally got a job baking bread. One night the bottom fell out of the oven, and as there was a graveyard near, he got a tombstone and placed it in the oven for a bottom and commenced to bake again. Mac got his discharge the next day. The customers brought the bread back, and on the bottom of each loaf was, "Sacred to the memory of Patrick Flynn."

WILLIAM CALHOUN DRAKEFORD . . Tuskepee, Ala.

Preceptor—B.C.D.S.

William comes from a very warm part of the country. At a meeting of our section the other night he told the boys that he has seen it so hot down his way that they had to feed the chickens with cracked ice to keep them from laying hard-boiled eggs.

HENRY BAKER JOHNSON . . . . . Dover, N. J.

Preceptor—H. B. Johnson, D.D.S.

Henry began his industrial existence in the State of New Jersey. His father is H. B. Johnson, D.D.S. At a class quiz not long ago the Professor asked Henry what is the name of the teeth that a human being gets last, and his business instincts prompted him to answer, "False teeth, of course!"

WILLIAM AUGUSTUS ROBBINS, Jr. . Freehold, N. J.

Preceptor—Wm. E. Truex, D.D.S.

Bob is a stylish fellow. He prides himself on knowing how to dress. Just before Christmas vacation he invested in an overcoat. Standing in front of the College one day he remarked to a fellow-student, "I will bet you the first girl that will pass will make them 'goo-goo' eyes at this coat." Poor Bob—he lost; the first girl to go by was blind.

EDGAR LaVEGA BOONE . . . . . Troy, Ala.

Preceptor—T. E. Crossley, D.D.S.

Edgar is a very cautious fellow. The first of last April, as he was coming up Baltimore Street he stepped into one of the leading banks of the city and asked for a loan of $500,000. Upon being asked what security he could give he modestly pointed to his right cheek-bone. The president of the bank gazed at him with wonder, and at the thought of rejecting such a piece of armor-plate nerve he replied with tears in his voice, "My young man, you arouse my admiration. I should like to accommodate you, but we have no vault large enough to store it."

WILLIAM LYNN HAZLETT . . . . . Butler, Pa.

Preceptor—M. D. Koltraba, D.D.S.

Billie "dosen't trace" the corpuscular fluid, but knows that he comes from Quaker stock. His ancient relatives were fairly good in their day, but as he says he has had lots of distinguished ancestors, but they don't count. Wait until you see "my successors."

CARL ARGALUS HICKMAN . . . . . Mexia, Tex.

Preceptor—J. K. Burgess, D.D.S.

Carl delighted the world by making his appearance in that State where they do everything by system. He claims that he once fell out of a ten-story window—but he fell so slowly it didn't hurt him.

CHAS. DALE WILLIAMSON . . . Moundsville, W. Va.

Preceptor—J. M. Williamson, D.D.S.

Charlie is a great hunter! While in the impression-room at the beginning of this term he spied a cat on the roof next door. Pulling out a pistol he let go. Of course he missed what he aimed at, but came very near separating a policeman from his breath. He was arrested and fined $6.25. No more cat hunting for Charlie.

AMRO LESLIE LEIGHTON . . . . . Portland, Me.

Preceptor—J. K. Burgess, D.D.S.

Leslie was called to Dr. Foster's office the other day. The Dean said, "Mr. Leighton, I understand that you have a barrel of beer in your room, which you know is contrary to the rules." "Well, sir," replied Leslie, "that is correct. The doctor told me if I drank beer I would get stronger, and I am getting stronger, for when the barrel came I could hardly move it, and now I can roll it all over the room."

WILLIAM HENRY LANSTON . . . . . Port Clinton, O.

Preceptor—J. G. Lingting, D.D.S.

Billie steered into port about the beginning of the last quarter of last century, and has been battling with quiz clerks ever since. He always admires the man who says the right thing in the right place. Especially when he is "thirsty."

JAMES LE GEO. PIPER . . . . . Northwood, N. H.

Preceptor—B.C.D.S.

Jim entered this mundane sphere in the backwoods of that old Yankee State where they hang a man for selling pink lemonade.

WILLIAM WEICHSELBAUM . . . . . Savannah, Ga.

Preceptor—J. K. Burgess, D.D.S.

Billie is considered a clever fellow. One cold, icy morning in February he arrived at the Savannah High School ten minutes late. In explaining to the teacher his tardiness he said, "Every step I took ahead I slipped back two, the sidewalks were so slippery." Confident that he had caught Billie, the teacher replied, "If from your effort to proceed forward your feet slipped backward, how then are you here?" Smiling at the class, the teacher awaited his reply. It came: "I turned around and started for home," was the reply, and Billie was excused without further ceremony.

ZEPHIE PATRIN . . . . . Smithbridge, Mass.

Preceptor—A. Gregoire, D.D.S.

Zep has a friend in Canton. The other night he boarded a car, and he placed the only nickel he had in his mouth while putting on his gloves. He swallowed the nickel. Zep was puzzled: he did not know what to do. You should have seen his face when the conductor told him to "cough up his fare."

ALLIE WILLIAM BARTON . . . . . Mt. Jackson, Va.

Preceptor—J. B. Maples, D.D.S.

Allie is a member of a whist club in this city. After the games the other night each one told a story: the best story would win a cake. Allie's won. He said he knew a student whose name was John Hole, who was so lazy that in writing his name he simply used the letter J. and then punched a hole through the paper.

WALTER FRANZ LANDAU . . . . . Breslau, Prussia.

Preceptor—B.C.D.S.

Walter says as he was crossing the Atlantic there was a storm, when the ocean rose ten inches. In telling it to the boys he said, "There is no mistake! The captain kept a mark on the side of the vessel."

JAMES NEWTON BAGWELL . . . . . Onancock, Va.

Preceptor—B.C.D.S.

Jim was waiting for a train at Mt. Royal Station last spring, when an old lady asked him, "What is steam?" Jim's chemical instincts came to him, and he replied, "Steam is a bucket of water in a tremendous perspiration."

EDWIN HAMILTON BROWN,
Petro, St. Anns, Jamaica, British West Indies.

Preceptor—Dr. Esterbrook.

Edwin says there is a man at his boarding table so mean that he wishes the landlady to reduce the price of his board because he had two teeth extracted.

INGO FREDRICK GREGORY . . . . . Breslau, Prussia.

Preceptor—B.C.D.S.

At Dr. Smith's quiz the other day Ingo was asked "What is a dentist?" He replied, "A person who finds work for his own teeth by taking out those of others."

"NEW YORK" SMITH VULCANIZING.

CLINTON R. SMITH . . . . . Port Jefferson, N. Y.

Preceptor—Dr. Smith.

Clinton is the champion vulcanizer of our class. Last year the Seniors told him that there was a medal

for vulcanizing, which caused Clinton to vulcanize more plates than any ten men. Smith is still looking for his medal.

H. L. TRUDEAU . . . . . Canada.
Preceptor—B.C.D.S.

Harry in chemistry the other day was asked what a sober color was. He replied, "The blues."

JOHN ANDREW ELDER . . . . . Boothsville, W. Va.
Preceptor—B.C.D.S.

Jack is an admirer of vaudeville. The other night he went to the Auditorium and he was pleased with the "illustrated" song singer. The following morning he was asked how the show was, and remarked, "Oh, fine; you should hear the 'ulcerated' song singer."

CHAS. SUMMER OATES . . . . . Malden, Mass.
Preceptor—C. A. Hews, D.D.S.

Charlie is a bright fellow. Some of the boys attribute his brightness to the fact that he was employed in a lamp factory before he began to battle with our noble profession.

JOSEPH LAWSON ELPHINSTONE.
Preceptor—B.C.D.S.

Joe is a joker. One day at Dr. Simon's lecture a Senior, with the aid of "old cut plug" and "saliva" was gradually turning the aisle into a river. Joe handed him half a cigarette box cover, saying, "Here, old man, when you get ten of these take them to the Dean, and he will give you a cuspidor."

WARREN CLIFFORD OXNER . . Chester, Nova Scotia.
Preceptor—C. G. Campbell, D.D.S.

Cliff had a narrow escape from an embarrassing position the other night. He went to see Maude Adams at the Academy. He was in that condition that a student generally is when expecting a check the next day—"broke." After the first act he remarked to a friend, "Let us go out and get some ozone." "No, thank you," replied his friend, "I don't drink."

JESSE LAZEAR McNAY . . . . . Wind Ridge, Pa.
Preceptor—W. C. Dawson, D.D.S.

It is often said that truth is stranger than fiction. Such is this case. Jesse was working in the infirmary one afternoon, and after repeatedly asking his patient to open his mouth, he finally did so to the limit, which caused Jesse to remark, "Oh, not so much: I intend to remain on the outside."

JAMES GARFIELD SOWERS . . . . . Cumberland, Md.
Preceptor—E. H. Smith, D.D.S.

Jim is thinking seriously of taking a Baltimore girl for his better half. In describing her the other day he said, "Her voice is of silver, her hair of gold, her teeth pearl, her cheeks of rubies, and her eyes of diamonds."

JOHN DAVIS THOMAS . . Jana, Netherlands, East India.

Preceptor—B.C.D.S.

The first night Jack spent in Baltimore he decided to attend Ford's. Before starting for the theatre his landlady advised him when he returned to put the light out and lock the door. When Jack returned he put the lamp outside the door and retired, thinking he had obeyed the landlady's command.

THAD HARRISON . . . . . Mt. Hebron, Ala.

Preceptor—Atlanta Dental College.

In the early part of January Thad contracted the grip. At the boarding-house he had his mind set on chicken broth. The orders went down to the kitchen and the broth came up, weak and insipid. He subsequently related his disappointment to a friend, who said, "They just let a chicken wade through it." "If they did," said Thad faintly, "it was on stilts."

ROBERT BRUCE JAMESON,
Summerside, Prince Edward Island, Canada.

Preceptor—B.C.D.S.

Rob attended a dance at Lehmann's Hall, and danced with a young lady whose attractions, both personal and conversational, seemed to have made an impression. On leading her to a seat he asked if he might have the pleasure of seeing her the following evening. "I shall be engaged to-morrow evening," replied the fair one, "but you can see me on Saturday night, at the foot of Lexington Market, selling cabbages."

GEORGE ALOYSIUS LYNCH . . . . Waterbury, Conn.

Preceptor—Dr. Gormley.

George is impressed with the idea that he has a good voice. At a meeting of the Glee Club in the first part of this session, Dr. Foster remarked, "Why, Lynch, you are murdering the music." George became angry, and replied, "It is better to murder it outright than to keep on beating it as you do."

JOSEPH MORRIS ADAMS . . . . . Savannah, Ga.

Preceptor—Atlanta Dental College.

Joe comes from that good old "colonial stock." He has such a hatred for everything appertaining to monarchy that he won't wear a crown to his hat.

ALBERT LEA ALEXANDER . . . . Montgomery, Ala.

Preceptor—Atlanta Dental College.

Albert is so punctual in his habits that he carries his watch in his coat-tail pocket, so as to be ahead of time.

FRANCIS ALOYSIUS GIBBONS . . New Bedford, Mass.

Preceptor—W. W. Mann, D.D.S.

Frank and George Lynch called at the post office the other day to cash a money order. George complained of a bad smell, and asked Frank what it could

be. Frank didn't know, but suggested that it might be caused by "the dead letters."

PAUL ADOLPHUS DIXON . . . . . Burlington, N. C.
Preceptor—B.C.D.S.

Since Paul began the study of dentistry he cannot understand how it is that the mouths of rivers are larger than their heads.

GEORGE AUGUSTUS CARR . . . . . Durham, N. C.
Preceptor—Isaac N. Carr.

George disturbed the boys at his boarding-house the other night by imitating a dog. When asked why he did so he replied, "I have been ordered by my physician to take port wine and 'bark.'"

M. D. MANSUR . . . . . Ashland, Me.
Preceptor—B.C.D.S.

"Mansur, M.D.," called B. Holly at a quiz last week. "Well, if you are an M.D. it will be a waste of time quizzing you," and he called on the next man. It was a lucky escape for Mansur, as it happened the Zoo fire was the night before, and it proved more of an attraction than his quiz lesson.

HERBERT T. SMITH . . . . . Truro, Nova Scotia.
Preceptor—B.C.D.S.

When Herbert reached here for his Freshman year he met a friend who was on his way to O'Neill's, whom he accompanied. On entering the store they made for the elevator to go to the second floor. As they stepped in the friend reached for his handkerchief, and as he did Herbert pulled out ten cents, saying, "No, you don't; this is on me!"

J. A. ASKEW . . . . . Mississippi.
Preceptor—Dr. Adams.

Askew boards at the Atlantic. The other day they had tongue for lunch. Turning to the lady next to him, he remarked, "I will thank you, miss, if you will please pass the language."

CHAS. ALLEN PORTER . . . . . Middleboro, Mass.
Preceptor—C. H. Merritt, D.D.S.

Charlie was among a party of students going to Deeley's last month. The sidewalk was very slippery, causing him to lose his equilibrium, landing him on his "*Os Innominatum.*" This brought out the following: "I have no desire to see the town burned down, but I sincerely wish the streets were laid in ashes."

BENJAMIN TAYLOR VERMILLION, . Athens, W. Va.
Preceptor—A. H. Boyd, D.D.S.

Ben advertised for a wife just before coming to school. He received answers from eighteen hundred and ninety-seven husbands, saying that he could have theirs. Ben decided not to marry.

CHAS. WILLIAM KELLEY,
Shelburne, Nova Scotia, Canada.
Preceptor—E. S. Allen, D.D.S.

Charlie saw an advertisement in *Scribner's* that they would send a copy of their magazine gratis for one year to the party sending them "a club of ten." Charlie sent them the ten spot of clubs, and is wondering why his magazine does not show up.

FREDERICK CHARLES HOUSE . . . Wilkesbarre, Pa.
Preceptor—A. G. Finney, D.D.S.

Fred says that his city has more smoke and bright people than any other city in the State. "Why," he remarked, "I am so bright my preceptor has to look at me through a smoked glass."

EVERETT EARLE ROBINS,
Prince Edward Island, Canada.
Preceptor—B.C.D.S.

Everett hails from a part of the country where they do not use fans. A young lady at his boarding-house asked him to buy a fan, as she would need one that evening. Everett walks into Posner's, but forgets the name, and describes it as "a thing to brush the warm off you with."

JOHN CARMODY . . . . . Worcester, Mass.
Preceptor—J. T. Barrett, D.D.S.

Jack is a member of the College quartette. Our Glee and Mandolin Club gave a concert on the eve of January 30. Jack was found that afternoon, without a hat, sitting on a block of granite, with his bare feet in a brook, trying to catch a bad cold, so as to sing bass that evening.

ALFRED H. W. SHAW . . . . . Ocho Rios, Jamaica.
Preceptor—W. Stanigar, D.D.S.

Alfred, in describing his sea voyage last September, said, "All the passengers were 'heaving,' and, as if that were not enough, the captain gave orders for the ship to 'heave' also."

J. THOMPSON BOYD . . . . . Troy, Ala.
Preceptor—H. D. Boyd, D.D.S.

Boyd was asked by Dr. Simon the other day which can travel the faster, heat or cold? "Why, heat," he replied; "anybody can catch cold." The following week he caught the grip.

C. SCHUETZ . . . . . Mount Laroge, Md.
Preceptor—L. B. Wilson, D.D.S.

Schuetz was invited to address the fraternity last February. His discourse was, "In Union there is Strength." He began in the following manner: "Brother Members—I take for my text to-night that great and logical sentence, 'In "onion" there is strength.'"

FORD TRYING TO RAISE A MUSTACHE.

S. C. FORD . . . . . Louisburg, N. C.
Preceptor—D. T. Smithwick, D.D.S.

Ford says the reason a certain school is a learned place is that most persons take some learning there, and few brought any away with them, so it accumulates.

BESSIE BURNS BENNETT . . . . . Baltimore, Md.
Preceptor—B.C.D.S.

Miss Bennett has been a valuable assistant, and a great amount of credit is due this member for her untiring efforts in making this Annual a success. Miss Bennett is Financial Secretary and Treasurer of our Board, and also Chairman of our Revising Committee.

ROBERT HENRY BATH . . . Bridgetown, Nova Scotia.
Preceptor—B.C.D.S.

When Bob entered the train at Jersey City this fall he found the only vacant seat was one next to an old lady who had a great horror of tobacco. "Do you chew tobacco, sir?" she asked Bob. "No, ma'am, I don't," was the reply, "but I will get you a chew if you want one."

JOHN PERRY EVANS . . . . . Lorena, Texas.
Preceptor—D. S. Scheble, D.D.S.

Jack rooms over an undertaker's. He claims this "coffin maker," having apartments to let, posted his bills announcing the same upon the coffin in the window, which read, "Lodgings for single gentlemen."

THOS. J. CORBETT, 1902.

A B C of Junior Class.

A stands for Askew who looks very wise (?).
B " " Barclay with those goo-goo eyes.
C " " Carmody who sings like a bat.
D " " Deichman can't breathe he's so fat.
E " " Evans our lone Texas steer.
F " " Ford who likes to drink beer.
G " " Gall. Now, what's in a name?
H " " House of extracting fame.
I " " Infirmary where caries we fight.
J " " Jameson who sometimes gets tight.
K " " Kelley, his mustache he cut.
L " " Landau whose mouth's never shut.
M " " Moore (he's always for that).
N " " Nothing (Ford in a high hat).
O " " Oates, best kept in the barn.
P " " Piper who likes to spin yarn.
Q " " Quiz we all like so well (?).
R " " Robbins and his raglan so swell.
S " " Smith who likes to make crowns.
T " " Tearney who always frowns.
U " " Useless, I think that I'm it.
V " " Vincent, this year he is nit.
W " " Williamson who likes to shoot cats.
X " " Xi Psi Phi, one of our frats.
Y " " Yell. You can hear us a mile.
Z " " Zoo burned down to a pile.

J. D. Burt.

"Over There."

(Apologies to the Faculty.)

One night we sat in Lecture Hall,
And the Lecture was old and dry,
And slowly together my eyelids would fall,
Though really to keep them open I'd try.

And I sat there and slept,
And sleeping, I dreamed,
And to spirit land
I ascended, it seemed.

And forms all robed in purest white
Float by, each smiles at me,
And scanning each resplendent face
I find them friends to be.

But though in glory now they stand,
And in clay no longer dress them,
The badge of earth's prosperity
Still seems to cling to and invest them.

Crowned with the victor's laurel wreath
Our revered dean does stand,
But the glasses which really were made for his eyes
He still (32d time) idly twirls in his hand.

A jolly "spook" comes dancing by,
We all know that smiling face,
There's no Liquid Air, Dr. Simon, up here,
But there may be some Science in space.

Another form looms up in view;
It's Dr. Latimer from our College.
By some student's joke he's been tickled to death,
And of his portly form there's naught left but knowledge.

And e'en up here in this heavenly land
Amusement is provided,
For Dr. B. Holly Smith on a see-saw is seen
Where "chicks" of all sizes are guided.

Dr. Hoffmeister, with blue goggles on,
Makes ambrosia with mortar and pestle.
Dr. Burgess starting the love-feast fire
With a leaky blowpipe does wrestle.

Two more figures appear, but instead of white
Their robes are of purest gold;
Though robed alike they walk apart—
Drs. Waters and Gingrich, I'm told.

Scanning a little pale star, all off to itself,
Dr. Will Smith, with earnest gaze
Stands; he's trying maybe to find
If Bacteria lurk in its rays.

Nearby, on a velvety knoll,
With cheek by hand supported,
Lies Dr. Will Foster—at last he's at rest,
By no Infirmary thwarted.

In this happy hunting ground,
With trappings girded strong,
Mighty men are seen; Dr. Hardy is one,
And Coriell, the short and the long.

On a streamlet's bank stands Dr. Evans' bower;
"*No Admittance,*" posted round far and near;
But Dr. Milholland is trying his skill,
And Evans' hands will be full, I fear.

Adown the vale that follows the stream
A troop of angels make laughter echo:
There's Kelsey, Lever, Parsons, too,
And that very bright aureole must be Dunbracco.

Among the flowers so "Fresh" and fair.
Sits Dr. Gore, his head in his hand;
He's glad, I suppose, "plugger" days are o'er,
Since he joined this celestial band.

Dr. Palmer here still has his plate
(But it's filled with ambrosia now),
And he likes the flavor of Walhalla's dish
Better than rubber or brass, I trow.

In the midst of these friends, with upturned face,
Casson Gibson I find,
Thinking alas (it's dreadful to state).
Of the wealth he has left behind.

Angels vanish, the stream disappears,
The stars even fade away;
Gracious! I awake with a start;
Lecture is over, I'm happly to say.

BESSIE BURNS BENNETT.

The Dentist's Dream.

Last evening I was talking
With a dentist, aged and gray,
Who told me of a dream he had,
I think 'twas Christmas day.

While snoozing in his office,
The vision came to view,
For he saw an angel enter,
Dressed in garments white and new.

Said the angel, "I'm from heaven,
The Lord just sent me down,
And bring you up to glory,
And put on your golden crown.

"You've been a friend to everyone,
And worked hard night and day,
You have doctored many thousands,
And from few received your pay.

"So we want you up in glory,
For you have labored hard,
And the good Lord is preparing
Your eternal just reward."

Then the angel and the dentist
Started up toward glory's gate,
But when passing close to hades,
The angel murmured, "Wait,

"I have a place to show you;
It's the hottest place in hell,
Where the ones who never paid you
In torment always dwell."

And, behold, the dentist saw there
His old patients by the score,
And grabbing up a chair and fan,
He wished for nothing more:

But was bound to sit and watch them,
As they'd sizzle, singe and burn,
And his eyes would rest on debtors
Whichever way they'd turn.

Said the angel, "Come on, doctor,
There's the pearly gates I see;"
But the dentist only murmured,
"This is heaven enough for me."

The coldest maid in all the world
Is a maiden fair to see.
Should she turn on you her liquid gaze,
You'd straightway frozen be.
If I should tell this maiden's name
I know you would agree;
For her name is Ethyl Chloride
And she's often frozen me.

Student's Menu.

MONDAY.

Roast beef to-night for dinner!
I ate to beat the Dutch.
A treat like that's unusual;
We don't get many such.

TUESDAY.

The aftermath we've garnered
Of yesterday's delight,
From that fine roast they gave us
Some nice cold cuts to-night.

WEDNESDAY.

That luscious roast of Monday
Is lingering with us yet;
'Twas served to us this evening
Disguised as beef croquette.

THURSDAY.

It seems Miss Skimp's investment
In roast was not so rash
As we supposed. This evening
'Twas served again as hash.

FRIDAY.

To-day we all were grateful
To get a little fish,
No beef, we hope, remaining
To form another dish.

SATURDAY.

Ah, me! To-night we greeted
Once more our dear old friend—
The beef bones boiled for "potage,"
Well, this must be the end.

Gee whiz! This beats the record!
Last Thursday's hash—Oh, my—
With crust and raisins added,
Is served as mincemeat pie.

Wise and Otherwise.

Dr. Latimer—Mr. Johnson, what is the structure of the cells lining the trachea?

Johnson—They are covered with hair.

Dr. L.—Next. Young man, your barber's bill must be rather high.

Dr. L.—Mr. Boyce, what is thrombosis?

Boyce—Puncture by a spigot of bone.

Dr. L.—Oh, come off; you must have been brought up in a cider mill.

Dr. Hoffmeister—Mr. Weichselbaum, which of the essential oils is green?

Waxie—Wintergreen. [Applause.]

Dr. H.—Mr. Williamson, how much strychnine would you give in one dose?

Baldy—I reckon about five grains, Doctor.

Dr. H.—That's a bad guess.

Prof. T.—Mr. McCuskey, locate the stomach.

Mac—It is located in the thoracic cavity under the diaphragm. [Laughter.]

Prof. T.—Mr. Burt, tell me where the liver is situated.

Burt—It is usually found under the diaphragm on the right side.

Prof. T.—Yes, I guess it is generally found on the right side.

Prof. T.—Mr. Barclay, what is this? (lifting up the common carotid.

Barclay—The vagus nerve.

Prof. T.—That man must have had a warm heart.

Prof. Simon—Mr. Drakeford, where do you get sodium chloride?

Drakeford—I reckon at the boarding house, Doctor.

Prof. S.—Pass him up. [Laughter.]

Dr. Finney—Mr. Weichselbaum, how would you proceed to take a plaster impression?

Waxie—Mix plaster thickness of cream, place into a cup and insert into the face; ask the patient to close a swallow.

Dr. F.—What time would you have the funeral?

Prof. Trimble—Mr. Leighton, how many vocal chords are there?

Mr. L.—Four, Doctor.

Prof. T.—Name them.

Mr. L.—G, D, A, E.

Prof. Trimble—Mr. Hayes, what passes through the foramen magnum?

Bill—The femoral artery and the great sciatic nerve.

Prof. T.—Guess that's bad, Mr. Hayes. The man you dissected must have been in a railroad wreck.

H.B. McCuskey

Ladies' Page.

Society Doings in Baltimore.

Miss Thompson and Miss Hayes will hold an afternoon tea at their home, 808 Madison Avenue, at 4.30 on Friday. All the ladies are invited.

Miss McCuskey appeared at the play in an imported tailor-made gown, and looks very becoming in her new Virôt hat, made by Mrs. Sheehan.

Miss Robbins' new raglan is exceedingly becoming.

Miss McGlumphy was seen at one of the recent large wedding receptions in a ravishing gown of black spangle net cut very decollette, and was the cynosure of all eyes.

Baltimore society was greatly surprised at the announcement of the wedding of one of its famous belles, Miss Ehringhaus. The wedding was a quiet one and the happy couple will make an extended trip to Old Point Comfort on their honeymoon, returning by the way of Norfolk and Richmond.

Miss Boyce has a new dissecting gown of oil of cinnamon color, which is quite the thing.

Miss Johnson gave a theatre party on Wednesday evening at the Odeon. Among the ladies present were Miss Drakeford, attired in white satin with point lace trimmings; Miss Corbett wore a blue crepe de chine, and Miss Robbins looked well in sea-green muslin de soie made over taffeta of the same color.

Miss Hayes gave a euchre party to a few friends last evening. She looked very stylish in a new suit of pink and white pajamas.

It is rumored that Miss Hayes will soon announce her engagement to Mr. Foxy Cruller, who is well known on Mulberry Street.

Some Questions We Would Like to Have Answered.

Where will Elphinstone live, now that the Zoo is gone?

Where is Lakin during lecture hours?

When will Peabody get his hair cut?

Why does Barclay always wear a smile?

Who keeps saying at roll-call that Wilson is sick?

When will Ford stop talking about Pa?

When will the Mandolin Club give us a concert?

When will Dr. Latimer see a Freshman joke?

When will Dr. B. Holly tell us dentistry is painless?

When will Dr. Foster wear stationary eye-glasses?

And when will he use something besides tepid water?

When will Dr. Simon lecture on liquid air?

When will Evans come to lectures on time?

When will Hatch wear a low collar?

When will Leighton get a shave?

JOHN D. BURT.

JUNIOR BOARD OF EDITORS.

W. A. Robbins, Jr. J. M. Adams. J. D. Burt.
Ed. Deichman. Bessie Burns Bennett. T. J. Corbett.
F. J. Boyce.

FAILURE
SUCCESS
FAILURE ROAD
SUCCESS ROAD
SUCCESS
1901
Looking Forward
T.M. FLEMING

Class of 1901.

Class Song.

The air is taken from the "Cruel Hiss."

We left our homes one pleasant morn,
  Our minds were light and free,
For Baltimore, to take a course
  Of dental surgery.
And as each one arrived in town,
  Then to avoid the rush,
He quickly hastened to the Dean,
  Who was waiting for his dust.

And then a firm, a glance so stern,
  A sudden change in life;
We gracefully then climbed the stairs
  Of the College for our strife.
On every side the anxious throng
  Pressed through from pit to dome,
Until we reached the Infirmary,
  And then the Lecture Room.

CHORUS.

And there's where the change took place;
  The faculty was known.
Hip! hoorah! the College yell,
  The session then begun.
We Freshmen, then the laughing stock,
  As Abe, Jake, Pete and John,
Some just from the old corn-field,
  And some from country town.

So all went well until in turn
  A quiz for us on bones,
When Doctor Smith had called the roll,
  Such groans were never known.
The Juniors and the Seniors then,
  With laughter and delight,
Would queer us with a Freshman yell
  At such a frightful sight.

But quizzes soon had come to pass,
  When on the board thus ran:
"The Freshman now may draw their seats
  For Tommy's last exam."
'Twas then ere long that joyful song
  Was heard in every room,
That moved each heart with great delight;
  'Twas dear old "Home, Sweet Home."

CHORUS.

Some then sailed the silvery waves,
  Far across the sea,
While others drifted many miles
  With loved ones home to be.
Though some may never return again,
  Misfortune cross their path,
Their love remains within the hearts
  Of their dear old College staff.

SENIOR CLASS OFFICERS.

Class of 1901.

Motto—Nihil Nobis Difficultatis Est.

Colors—Dark Blue and Dark Yellow.

Yell.

Rah! Rah! Rah!
Second to None,
B.C.D.S.
Nineteen One.

Officers.

R. W. Simon, President.
J. L. Paul, Secretary.
L. P. Breining, Historian.
L. Rosenthal, Artist.

E. R. Payzant, Vice-President.
H. A. Gaylord, Treasurer.
D. L. Reynolds, Valedictorian.
H. P. Wright, Sergeant-at-Arms.

Executive Committee.

J. H. Schlinkmann, Chairman.
M. M. Woodward,
Benj. Powell,
F. J. Bailey,
A. F. Ortiz.

Class of 1901.

Jas. A. Allen, Jr. ..... Alabama.
A. Aronheim ..... Virginia.
F. J. Bailey ..... Massachusetts.
John H. Beals ..... Indiana.
R. B. Berry ..... Maryland.
Lowell P. Breining ..... Ohio.
H. E. Brown ..... Maryland.
B. W. Brown ..... North Carolina.
E. R. Brush (Miss) ..... Florida.
B. B. Burleson ..... Texas.
J. M. Cessna ..... Maryland.
W. C. Chapman ..... Connecticut.
J. P. Clark ..... Texas.
J. D. Croom ..... North Carolina.
W. L. Davidson ..... Connecticut.
W. T. Davis ..... Kentucky.
F. W. Deibert ..... Virginia.
C. E. Dellinger ..... Maryland.
E. A. Denton ..... Virginia.
J. A. Donnelly ..... Massachusetts.
A. W. Doolittle ..... Connecticut.
J. D. Duke ..... District of Columbia.
E. M. Edmondson ..... Tennessee.
R. E. Edwards ..... Maryland.
E. Ehringhaus ..... North Carolina.
L. B. Evans ..... Pennsylvania.
D. A. Evans ..... Pennsylvania.
A. S. Freeman ..... New Jersey.
Horace A. Gaylord ..... California.
E. P. Graves ..... Massachusetts.
W. D. Haggerty, Jr. ..... New Jersey.
W. H. Hamilton ..... Virginia.
G. S. Handy ..... Mississippi.
W. K. Hartzell ..... North Carolina.
J. Higgins ..... New Jersey.
E. D. Hood ..... Mississippi.
L. M. Humphrey ..... North Carolina.
C. T. Hutchins ..... Maryland.
Robert B. Irwin ..... New York.
W. V. Jarrett ..... Pennsylvania.
J. M. Kinnear ..... Virginia.
L. A. Ladd ..... Vermont.
H. V. Levonian ..... Turkey.
F. S. Lodge ..... Canada.
John G. Logan ..... Pennsylvania.
E. G. MacLean ..... Canada.
C. L. Meineking ..... Germany.
M. J. Mitchell ..... Taunton, Mass.
W. G. McGlumphy ..... West Virginia.
J. P. McCreary ..... South Carolina.

S. B. McGregor.....Canada.
J. J. McGrath.....Connecticut.
A. T. Ortiz.....Porto Rico.
M. Otterback.....District of Columbia.
J. L. Patterson.....Kentucky.
Joseph L. Paul.....Pennsylvania.
R. Richard Payzant.....Canada.
C. M. Peabody.....New Jersey.
B. R. Powell.....Maryland.
Duncan L. Reynolds.....California.
George E. Robarge.....New York.
W. J. Roberts.....Canada.
Ladislaus Rosenthal.....Austria.
J. H. Schlinkmann.....West Virginia.
Rudolph Wm. Simon.....Maryland.
W. W. Sinks.....Texas.
T. J. Smith.....Texas.
T. P. Smith.....Newfoundland.
D. Smith.....North Carolina.
J. F. Snyder.....Pennsylvania.
H. M. Stoner.....Pennsylvania.
J. A. Stuart.....Maryland.
Eugene B. Taylor.....Maine.
W. C. Trimble.....Alabama.
A. M. Vanetta.....New Jersey.
C. C. Walker (Miss).....Pennsylvania.
C. L. Watson.....Texas.
G. V. Welker.....Pennsylvania.
Jas. L. Wilson.....Maryland.
Murdock M. Woodward.....Pennsylvania.
H. P. Wright.....Canada.

Senior Class History.

The only way to appreciate the blessings of the present is to stop for a brief moment and take a glimpse of the past, back to the fall of ninety-eight ('98). As the last fading rays of September glided rapidly into the ocean of eternity, there ushered into Baltimore a conglomeration of "Doctors" to be, to the tune of four-score and three, who, keeping "time, time, time, in a sort of *runic* rhyme," as the timid-looking class of Freshmen was ushered through the old College corridors to contribute fuel to that already inextinguishable flame of knowledge burning in the shrine of learning (and to contribute their fees to the bank account of the Faculty).

The class is the largest in the history of the College numerically, moderately moral, and strictly genteel. We hail from twenty-one United States, one District, and seven countries not yet annexed, though our boundaries are expanding so rapidly that were I Prophet instead of Historian I would venture the prediction that the foreigners of the class will do homage to Old Glory and be under the protection of Uncle Sam ere these young gentlemen acquire wealth or fame by the practice of dental surgery.

We have gathered from all parts of our glorious Union—from where the Atlantic's waves kiss the rising sun to where the Pacific's golden waters lull to rest the setting orb; from the ice-bound coast of Maine to the great hills of the Sunny South.

So we came as a mountain stream rushing onward through the enchanted regions of romance, and we came as a fragrant stream of knowledge, nourishing each flower upon its banks. The birds filling the atmosphere with swelling waves of melody sang our praises (and the police recorded our deeds). Even the grass with its beautiful mantle of green seemed to turn pale with envy as we passed (for never before had it been brought into rivalry with a greener greenness).

Shortly subsequent to our first entry into the Lecture Hall after we had gradually become accustomed (between naps) to the habit of examining the lofty roof and rafters of the machine which has made so many

1. R. W. SIMON. 2. M. OTTERBACK. 3. W. T. DAVIS. 4. C. E. DELLINGER. 5. C. T. HUTCHINS.
6. C. L MEINEKING. 7. H. V. LEVONIAN. 8. J. H. SCHLINKMANN. 9. F. J. BAILEY. 10. W J. ROBERTS.
11. J. A. DONNELLY. 12. M. M. WOODWARD. 13. W. D. HAGGERTY. 14. J. F. SNYDER. 15. D. L. REYNOLDS. 16. H. E. BROWN.

eminent professional men, we took a look around us. The result of our inspection was very gratifying, for we discovered that we were a very fine lot of fellows (from our own point of view); and glancing over the career of the class the Historian is struck with the fact that nearly all the events which have happened during the past three years have been particularly pleasant. As we pass from the halls that have been our training school, though forebodings of future failing may haunt us, yet our comforting assurance is that our course has been spent profitably, not only in the battle with the world, but in making friendships that will be firm through life, and that the associations connected with our college life will be pleasing subjects for thought over the evening pipe in years to come.

But now, in stating who we are, it will depend very much on the vantage ground from which we are viewed. We say we are the people; the Faculty seem to think that we are a "good thing," and the police have come to the conclusion that we are a nuisance. Ye gods! what reputation is ours (in the police courts).

"Take up the student's burden—
A great and praiseworthy thing;
Go place upon his brow
The cap of wisdom's sting.
Crown him with knowledge and wit galore,
For examinations will soon be here,
And he will need even more."

Alas, for the intellectual looking man—he will soon discover the error of his ways when he awakes to the conclusion that what he does not know will fill two Congressional Libraries; throw in Gray's Anatomy, Simon's Chemistry, Hoffmeister's Materia Medica, and various other obsolete volumes.

Time passed pleasantly enough during our first or Freshman year, except the early part of the session, when we were just emerging from the dim mist of uncertainty that shrouds the initial year of study; for one cannot but marvel at the general air of density that characterizes the very existence of the student in the first portion of his course.

I say "dense"—well, this is the most appropriate word with which to describe a student's life during the first year.

But when time had flown well enough along to allow us to feel our importance, we fought our battles as the audacious Freshman only can. However, it was not unusual for a little conflict to exist between our

17 C. M. PEABODY. 18 A. S. FREEMAN. 19. L. P. BREINING. 20 C. L. WATSON. 21. E. R. PAYZANT.
22. G. E. ROBARGE. 23. A. T. ORTIZ. 24. J. D. DUKE. 25. F. L. LODGE. 26. A. ARONHEIM.
27. B. W. BROWN. 28. T. J. SMITH. 29. B. B. BURLESON. 30. H. P. WRIGHT. 31. W. W. SINKS. 32. J. HIGGINS.

class and the Seniors in the way of odious class yells as the professor was entering the Lecture Room, generally in the following tone:

Rif! Raf! Ruf!
Rif! Raf! Ruf!
Freshmen! Freshmen!
Damn Poor Stuff!

But this was readily responded to as follows:

Sis Boom Rell!
Hear the Yell!
Let the Seniors
Go to H——!

But probably one of the most remarkable events of our Freshman year was the theatre party given by the three classes; and this indeed proved a decided success, so much so that there isn't a theatre manager in the city of Baltimore who would entertain for one moment consideration for a college theatre party again; hence we made our last appearance at the Auditorium Music Hall, Thanksgiving Eve, 1898.

Well, we went in to improve every moment of the darkest hours in the gloom of night, and after selecting about twenty-one thoroughbreds, apparently having good musical talents, we organized a band to escort the School to the theatre. But, verily, verily, their talents had been hidden away in a napkin of safe deposit and trust company, and the interest drawn therefrom was nihil.

The next step was to appoint the bandmaster, and unfortunately they selected myself, and not being versed in the first principles of a brass band, I decided to get pasteboard horns, and accordingly call it the College Zobo Band.

At the morning lecture a notice on the board ran as follows: "Band practice this afternoon at 2.30 at 507 West Mulberry Street. Bring all horns and drums with you. By order of Leader." The above place was my study-room, and in response thereto there assembled a very enthusiastic body of choice spirits: but that evening my room-mate and I received a notice from the landlady to please vacate our room as soon as possible. Our next practice was held with the same results at our new place of abode. Hence we achieved the record of making week stands at the boarding-houses and were compelled to rehearse elsewhere. But finally, after several attempts, we led the procession to the Music Hall Thanksgiving Eve, filling the still night

33. J. A. STUART. 34. J. WILSON. 35. B. R. POWELL. 36. H. STONER. 37. M. CESSNA.
38. J. H. LAKIN. 39. E. A. DENTON. 40. J. D. CROOM. 41. J. L. PAUL. 42. T. P. SMITH.
43. W. L. DAVIDSON. 44. W. G. McGLUMPHY. 45. R. B. BERRY. 46. L. M. HUMPHREY. 47. E. EHRINGHAUS. 48. J. G. LOGAN.

air with the sweet melodies of "My Maryland," "Marching Through Georgia," "A Hot Time in the Old Town To-night," and a few other late and sentimental hits.

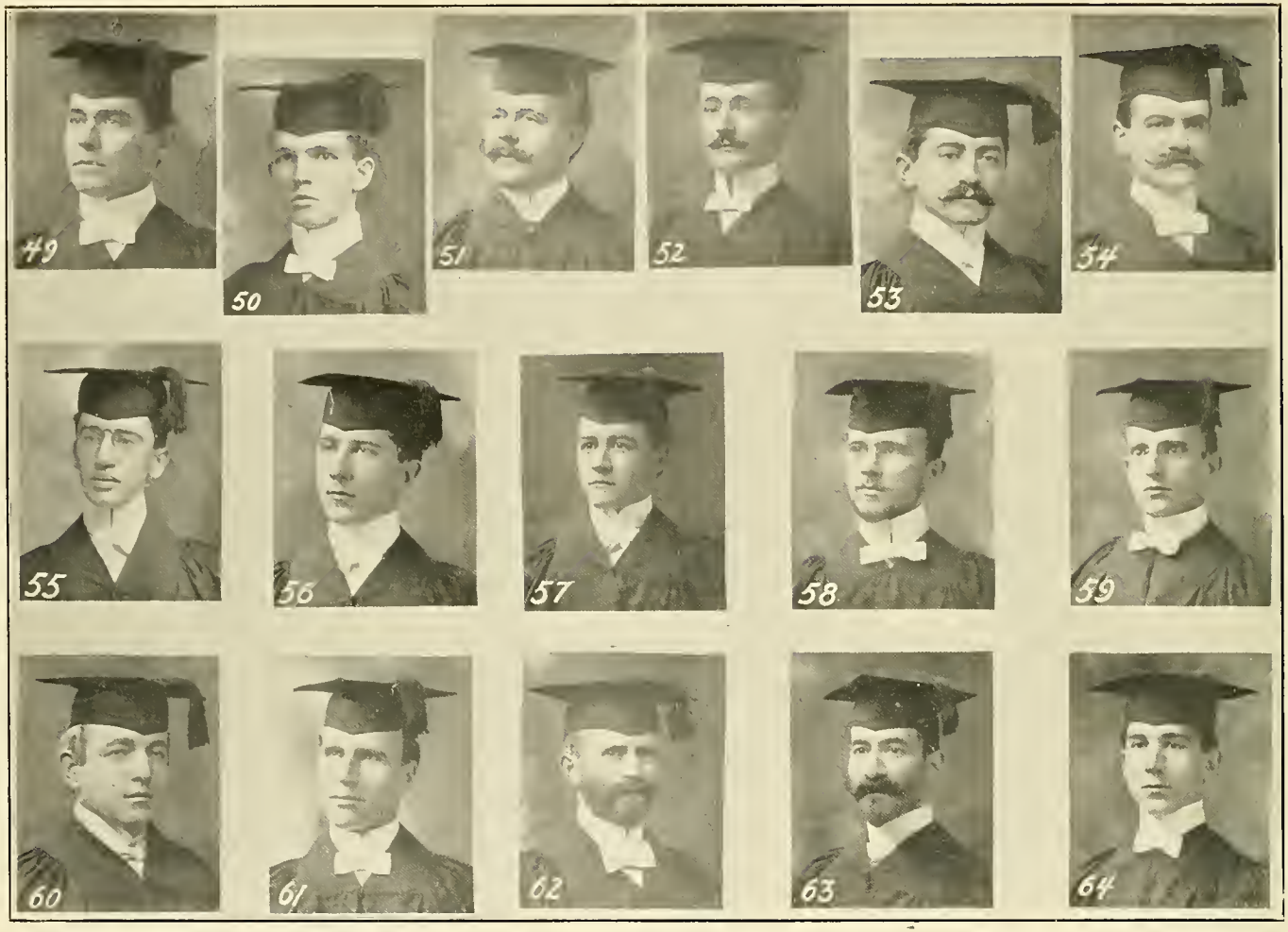
The house was crowded to its utmost capacity; the actresses were all floating the College colors, and everything went along very smoothly, save the "Zobo Band," our horns not rendering the soft strains as those of the orchestra, and consequently about every fifteen minutes we were notified by three or four corpulent and fierce-looking gentlemen "to please keep *them* d—— things still." Evidently we were receiving no credit for the good work we were doing.

When the Dean appeared upon the rostrum the following evening at 5 o'clock he bowed his thanks profusely to the boys for their excellent conduct at the theatre the previous night, at the same time expressing the humiliation experienced by different members of the Faculty in the boxes by the unruly conduct of that band of would-be music-makers.

At last delightful April, with its budding flowers and balmy zephyrs, came to relieve the monotony of this uncertain life, and this delightful month was a godsend to the Class of 1901, for it gave them one more chance to breathe fresh country air, to shake off the shackles of a restricted life, to close those instruments of torture, the text-books, and, for awhile at least, to flee as a bird back to the home of their childhood and the bosoms of their families.

As Juniors, on some afternoons before the lecturer was due, for a diversion we inaugurated the "penny mark" and other innocent (?) games in the laboratories. These games were conducted on the Chicago plan, "à la Heckel's administration," and this would generally continue until Levonian, our noble "Turk," would win all the pennies in sight, and then refuse to make a loan.

As the days rolled by, the appearance of piety and fear that so markedly characterized our Freshman year, rapidly began to disappear, and the members boldly and intrepidly started to "agitate" each gliding hour. It was then that we began to recognize the facility with which we could cut lectures, gained only after long practice, and again call to mind the quiz-sneakers, our cup of pleasure runneth over. We occasionally listened to an intermediate lecture, and the freedom with which Professor Foster illustrated legal principles of dental practice with jokes and funny stories was a very pleasant diversion for us; but it was soon noticeable that this freedom was replaced with caution, and it was very amusing to see our favorite lecturer glance warily over his glasses to ascertain whether Lakin was absent, or Doolittle asleep: before the tale was told, naturally a *prima facie* presumption arises that said illustrations were not intended for the ears of mamma.



49. J. P. CLARK. 50. H. A. GAYLORD. 51. F. W. DIEBERT. 52. M. J. MITCHELL. 53. W. H. HAMILTON. 54. S. B. McGREGOR.
55. E. D. HOOD. 56. W. C. CHAPMAN. 57. G. S. HANDY. 58. E. B. TAYLOR. 59. R. B. IRWIN.
60. J. J. McGRATH. 61. E. G. McLEAN. 62. J. M. KINNEAR. 63. L. ROSENTHAL. 64. J. H. BEALS.

Though these depictions may have been drawn for our predecessors since time immemorial, yet they are new and rich to each succeeding class, and help to endear to us the man who for so many years has been the chief member and worthy professor of our College. These little jokes, however, became very amusing to us, until one evening our Professor appeared at the desk with his quiz-book in hand, and this was when it struck the serious point, as his calm and firm voice rung through the *meatus auditori externi* of the Junior Class: "Gentlemen, as we are now approaching the final examinations, I will have to test your abilities in this branch, so I will immediately proceed without any preliminary remarks." [Applause.]

Professor—Mr. Hamilton.

Mr. H.—Present.

Professor—Mr. Hamilton, state for me the difference in the physiological action of creosote, carbolic acid and chloride of zinc.

Mr. H.—Doctor, I am confused; I feel myself floating on an ocean of human imagination, without a compass to direct me, tending toward neither pole, and without a coast to land upon.

Professor—That will do for you, Hamilton. Mr. Bailey, do you know?

Mr. B.—Why, Doctor, I feel like one in the midst of a river, on the point of being drowned, without hope of succor.

McGlumphy to Bailey—That's no joke, for when Doctor Foster gets hold of you in the spring you will be drowned.

Professor—Mr. Handy, can you rectify matters for us?

But Handy was in the deplorable and lamentable situation of the pious country lad, and his relentless humiliation was a sight to be long remembered.

Professor—Mr. Payzant, let us hear from you.

Mr. Robarge—He is operating, Doctor.

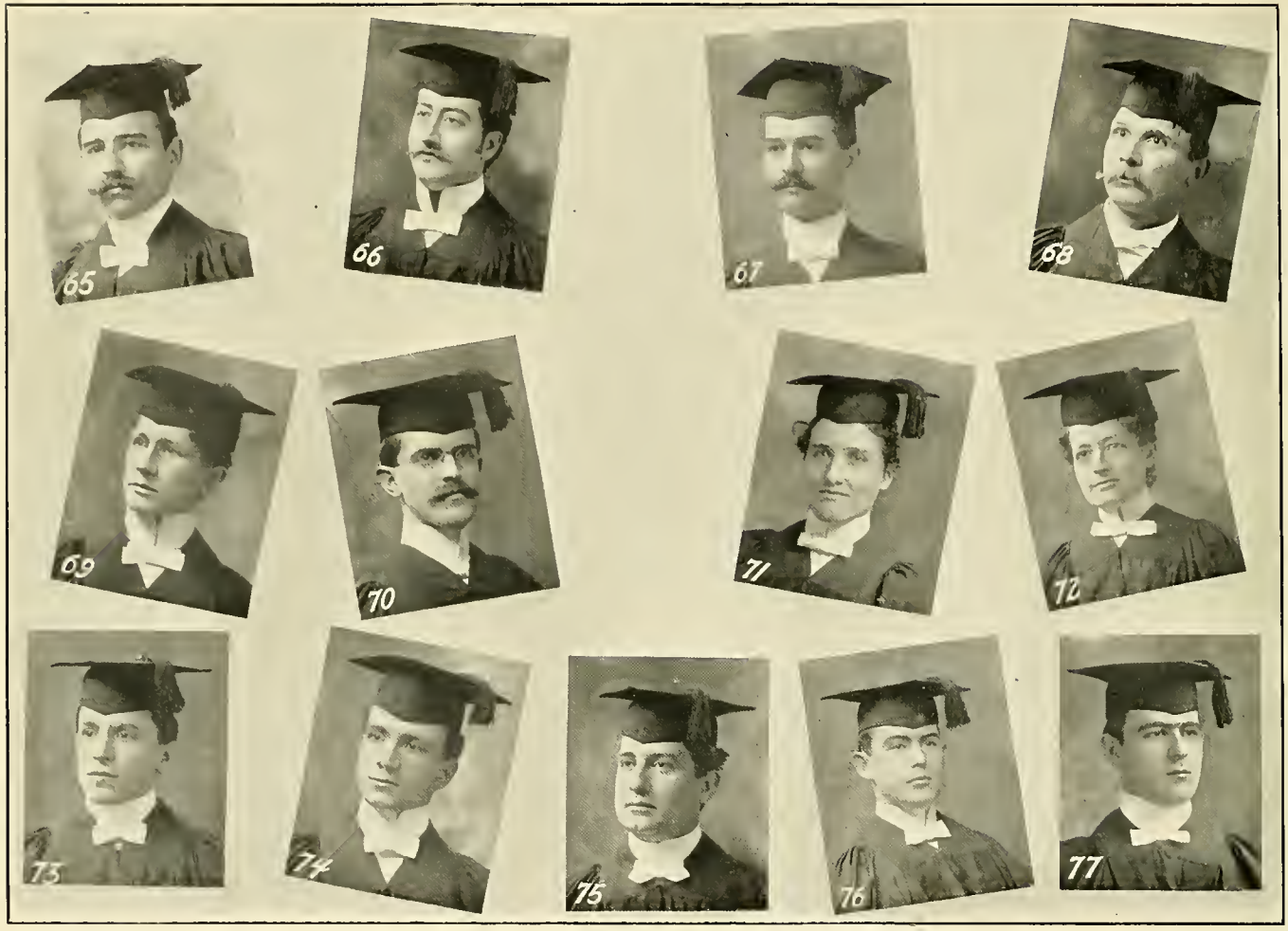
Professor—Well, I will call on Mr. Wilson.

Mr. Stoner—Sick, Doctor.

Professor—Well, this is getting interesting. Now let us hear from you, Mr. Snyder.

Mr. S.—Doctor, my memory stands patiently fishing in the pool of the past for the enduring relics of bygone days.

Professor—Now, Mr. Simon, last but not least, try your hand at it.



65. L. B. EVANS. 66. A, W. DOOLITTLE. 67. W. K. HARTSELL. 68. D. SMITH.
69. D. A. EVANS. 70. A. M, VANETTA. 71. MISS C, C. WALKER. 72. MISS E. R. BRUSH.
73. G. V. WELKER. 74. W. V. JARRETT. 75. J. L. PATTERSON. 76. J. P. McCREARY. 77. J. A ALLEN.

But alas! the thoughts of Simon seemed to be soaring high into the clouds, and he was heard to exclaim in a faint and far halloo, "*O dii immortales ubinam gentium sumus.*"

Professor (scratching his head)—Now, gentlemen, as the hour is nearly up, we must discontinue this interesting discourse; and allow me to congratulate you upon your answers; and I am sure that if you continue in the path which you seem to be traveling you will soon find the bridge which will carry you over all pathological difficulties.

These, indeed, were duties and responsibilities very arduous. They may be compared to those laid upon Hamlet: "The effect of a great action laid upon a soul unfit for the performance of it." But with brave hearts and enthusiastic hopes these hardy sons of toil robed themselves with the armor of might and waited patiently for the fight in the final examinations, and emerging therefrom found, much to our consternation, that a small part of our number were either stuck in the mud of anatomy or lost in the wilderness of chemistry.

October 1, 1900, saw the reappearance of the now famous 1901's as Seniors. All had fully recovered, and were ready to step into the ring once more to battle for supremacy. The relative position of the ladder-climbers has changed somewhat, perhaps, but there still exists a howling, angry mob around the top, and great will be the credit due him who finally stands forth as the victor in the battle-royal. But time alone will tell the tale—we, after all, are nought but puppets with which the fates amuse themselves—so let credit be to him who falls fighting valiantly, as well as to him who fights and lives to reap his reward.

When time had now flown well enough along to allow the Freshman Class of 1903 to feel its importance and to become obstreperous, it became evident that measures would have to be taken to reduce this presumptuous gang of youths to their proper status. Consequently our President called a special meeting, in which we devised means to accomplish this task. The following day there were found hanging on the walls of the College mysterious posters which read as follows:

Rule I. Freshmen must be more respectful to upper classmen.

1. They must not salute members of the Senior Class with the title "Doc." It must either be Doctor or Mister.

2. They must not refer to or call any member of the Senior Class by any nicknames.

Y. M. C. A. Kerr is acting entirely too fresh, and the hammer will not stay suspended over his head much longer.

3. Indications are that "Freshy" Hess will be "waited on" soon.

"Stiff-neck" Hatch must wear lower collars.

Rule II. Freshmen must not get in the way,

thereby bothering the professional work of the Seniors when at the chair.

1. They must not bend over the chair of a Senior's patient, thereby making themselves conspicuous.

Seniors will divulge information in regard to the work if it is respectfully requested.

2. Freshmen when operating in the Infirmary must wait until upper classmen have seated their patients.

3. They must not rush down in front after the speaker has made his appearance at the desk in the Lecture Hall.

4. They must remain in their seats at class until the upper classmen have gone out.

Rule III. Freshmen will not be allowed to discuss class affairs in the College, or in any way make a disturbance.

1. No quartette singing, and
2. No College yells allowed by Freshmen.

Rule IV. Freshmen should not try to look too sporty.

1. They should wear the College colors (blue and gold) on their lapels.
2. They must not carry canes.

Rule V. Freshmen must not congregate at places where the upper classmen are in the habit of taking refreshments.

"Dan's Place," around the corner, is offering his No. 7 beer to Freshmen at reduced prices.

Rule VI. Any member of the Freshman Class violating these rules will be reported to the Vigilance Committee, and said Freshman will be dealt with according to the nature of the case.

Rule VII. Upon convicting evidence any one defacing or in any way mutilating these posters will be dealt with by the Lookout Committee, according to Rule VI.

By order of

Upper Classmen.

The Freshmen naturally took exception to this summary manner in which they were dealt with, and the result was an increased growth of whiskers and an independent strut that would have put the stage villain to shame.

We have made records in the athletic field, for at baseball, football and on the track most of us were usually there, making life a horror with our tiny spieler's horns and tinkling cowbells. These little horns we bequeath to our posterity, to enable them to shout our praises when we are far away.

Some of us have a speaking acquaintance with the pastors and Sunday School teachers of this "Christian" city, and are not unknown at the Y. M. C. A., while all of the crew can spot a free-lunch counter or dodge a cop.

We have not neglected the ladies, young or old, and all beautiful. To these students' widows we wave a last fond adieu. We loved you as Freshmen, Juniors and Seniors. May our successors be more interesting than we have been.

Our places in the peanut gallery others must fill, for soon we will fold our gowns around us and silently steal away. To the fairies of the footlights we kiss our hand. We must "from this land be gone." Smile your sweetest smiles on those who come after us. May you never grow old or ugly!

We are told by those who have imbibed at the fountain of wisdom that we should not brood over the dreary past, nor dream of the uncertain future, but that we should live in the present (and eat all we can). And I am afraid that many who are firm advocates of everything "that falleth from the lips of the wise" will, when examinations come, wish they had sailed more frequently on the sea of the uncertain future.

What we have accomplished in our studies, time alone can tell. If we fail, the fault is all our own, for in no school are pupils more intelligently and faithfully instructed than in the old B. C. D. S.

To the whole corps of instructors, individually and collectively, I, for the Class of 1901, desire to record our gratitude for, and express our appreciation of, your untiring efforts in our behalf. You have been patient when we were inattentive or dull, courteous when we were rebellious or despondent, and at all times you have sought to fill our minds with the knowledge of our chosen profession, and of how to practically apply what we have learned.

And now, my companions, our class history ends and the battle of life begins. For years we have been associated together. In College halls, in the Infirmary and Laboratories we have studied and striven to fit ourselves for what lies before us. As we part and wend our several ways back home, let us resolve to carry from the old College only love for each other, veneration for our *Alma Mater* and profound respect for our professors, and as we mingle with our fellow-men may it be our highest ambition to become Christian gentlemen; not envious, plodding "tooth-carpenters," but skilled and courteous "Doctors of Dental Surgery."

HISTORIAN.

"ABE, JAKE AND BABE" BRAVING BLIZZARD OF '99.

Senior Roasts.

THE BABY PRESIDENT.

R. W. SIMON.

Our Baby President—just twenty-one in time to graduate. Fortune thrust him into dentistry when he was intended for the stage.

E. R. PAYZANT.

By birth a Canadian, but in later life he discovered the United States and the B. C. D. S. He also discovered that he had been living in the woods, and being a wise man, he decided to stay in the Provincial Land.

H. A. GAYLORD.

It is hereby recommended that he impart the combination of his safe to a chosen committee for the safety of the class finances, as he is liable to forget it.

N. B.—The combination constitutes the entire contents of the safe.

J. L. PAUL.

In his younger days he swallowed a tin whistle and a Jew's-harp which became grown into the substance of his stomach. Occasionally they play, when the peristaltic movements of his stomach favor, much to the wonderment of all hearers. He is one of our substantial men whose opinion carries considerable weight with it.

S. P. BREINING.

Elected as class historian on account of the cheerful way in which he can tell a true (?) story.

M. P. WRIGHT.

Elected sergeant-at-arms of the class on account of his physical fitness for the position, also because he is too good-natured to exercise it on a classmate.

REYNOLDS DELIVERING VALEDICTORY.

D. L. REYNOLDS.

It is rumored that he has ordered certain orthopedic appliances to keep his knees in alignment on Commencement Day.

L. ROSENTHAL, M.D.

C. L. MEINEKING.

Imported goods that have stood the wear and tear of three years, but I strongly suspect that they were smuggled into the country.

F. J. BAILEY.

(Mr. Chairman) "Those opposed?"

NO!!!!

W. H. HAMILTON.

"He doth but mistake the truth totally."

Shakespeare.

G. S. HANDY.

One has to see him struggle with a dose of quinine sulphate to appreciate him.

A. S. FREEMAN.

A taciturn man, knowing the worth of words and keeping them to himself.

C. S. WATSON.

He may not be a Demosthenes, but he can put in a gold plug to perfection.

W. V. JARRETT.

"Mr. President! I move we adjourn!"

G. V. WELKER.

"Second the motion."

J. J. McGRATH.
President of the "Don't Worry" Club.

A. M. VANNETTA.
Miss Walker's patient.

R. B. IRWIN.
N. Y. D. C. is good enough for a start, but it takes the B. C. D. S. to turn out the finished product.

B. B. BURLESON.
The "Bronco Buster."

M. CESSNA.
Soon to be appointed demonstrator on ceramics.

W. C. CHAPMAN.
One of the editors who attends all meetings.
NIT!

J. D. CROOM.
One of the "*Pine* Tar Products," the chemistry of which is still in question, but probably produced by substitution of an alcohol radical.

J. A. DONELLY.
Can he keep a secret?
Ask the Dean.

J. D. DUKE.
The ladies' man.

L. B. EVANS.
The woman hater.

E. EHRINGHAUS.
Not one of the boys—married.

D. A. EVANS.
Always trying something new just to find some one who says "I seen it first."

W. D. HAGGERTY.
Our philanthropist.
Arrested for giving money away on Lexington Street.

C. T. HUTCHINS.
The Sunday School Superintendent.

J. McK. KINNEAR.
The Parson.
Should have taken a theological course.

F. S. LODGE.
Champion floor walker of the Franklin.
(Dry Game.)

L. B. McGREGOR.
Chief usher in the Academy "Peanut Heaven."

W. G. McGLUMPHY.
After fifteen minutes' hard work spinning a yarn, some unkind fellow remarks, "Is it time to laugh?"

MORE HURRY, LESS SPEED.

W. W. WOODWARD.

Just twenty-one in time to graduate. The baby of the class.

R. E. EDWARDS.

After listening carefully to an hour's lecture on "Digitalis" he remarks to the Professor, "That was a very interesting lecture on alcohol, Doctor."

(Query: Where was Edwards before the lecture?)

W. J. ROBERTS.

He doesn't carry a night-key, for he never comes home till morning.

W. W. SINKS.

His affinity is on Argyle Avenue.

J. L. SNYDER.

"Are all the Pennsylvanians Dutch?"

J. A. STUART.

Gum block expert—eight full cases per day.

E. B. TAYLOR.

I have to hurry home, for my better half is waiting for me.

W. C. TRIMBLE.

"Women, Wine and Song."

T. J. SMITH.

"Texas can take care of herself," but Smith sometimes has trouble doing likewise.

F. P. SMITH.

Smith—where have I heard that name before?

A. ORTIZ.

We haven't heard a word from him since election.

W. T. DAVIS.

We hear he will give up dentistry to accept a position as advertising man on one of our big magazines.

W. K. HARTZELL.

He ought to be a first-class operator, if "rubbering" counts.

J. L. PATTERSON!!

"Excused, Doctor."

H. V. LAVONIAN.

"A Wise Guy."

He was appointed on the Editorial Board of this book, but saw trouble ahead and got out from under.

A. W. DOOLITTLE.

His name belies him.

He would do anybody or anything he could.

H. M. STONER—J. L. WILSON.

At roll-call:

Stoner—sick.

Wilson—nursing Stoner.

B. W. BROWN.

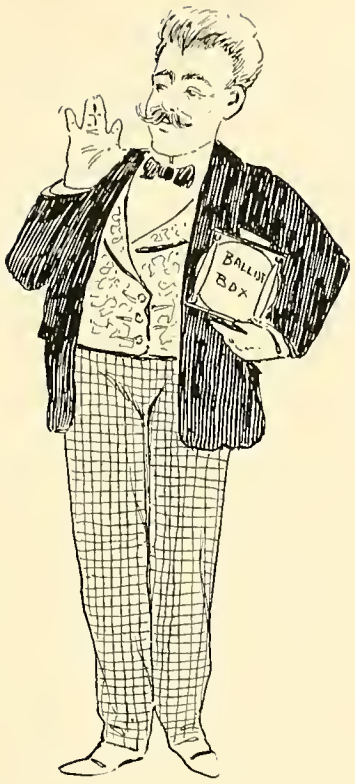
"May Jove, in his next consignment of hair, send thee a beard."—*Shakespeare.*

W. L. DAVIDSON.

"Say, Cully, where'd you get all dose clo'es?"

C. MORRISS PEABODY.

Why the green shade?



J. H. SCHLINKMANN.

He received a letter asking him if he would accept a position as head wire-puller for the Republican party, as Mark Hanna is about to retire.

A. ARONHEIM.

He is studying dentistry just for fun, for we all know he'll be manager of an installment house before many years.

R. B. BERRY.

He gave up non-cohesive gold and Gingrich's methods after the first attempt.

N. B.—The patient was bigger than Berry.

H. E. BROWN.

He keeps his memory in compends.

E. G. McLEAN.

The hypnotist.

"Look in me eyes." "Sleepy, sleepy."

"Boohoo! I don't want to go to sleep."

M. J. MITCHELL.

"I warrant thou art a merry fellow who cares for nothing."—*Shakespeare.*

B. R. POWELL.

Next stop, Xmprnoveperatonville.

G. E. ROBARGE.

The giant.

J. P. CLARK.

"Doctor, what is the difference between pro-cess and proc-ess?"

J. H. LAKIN.

Special agent for Lexington Street property.

EDMONDSON.

The man who went on an N_2O drunk in the interests of science.

$11.70.

E. D. HOOD.

We have heard that he is figuring on a cantilever bridge across the Mississippi.

J. G. LOGAN.

One of the editors who hits the pipe.

"Our football and hockey teams need about twenty pages in this book and several pages of illustration, showing them in action."

L. M. HUMPHREY.

"Look pleasant, please."

MISS E. R. BRUSH.

Look out for her hatpin.

She is dangerous when excited.

D. SMITH.

The author of the celebrated "Smith's onion culture and the art of raising pickled fruit."

J. P. McCREARY.

A dark horse from the Palmetto State.

H. E. BROWN.

Mr. Brown is deceiving in his looks. Not that he looks like a deceiver.

MISS WALKER PULLING HER FIRST TOOTH.

MISS C. C. WALKER.

Our strong woman.

You should see her at the extracting chair to appreciate her.

J. A. ALLEN.

A dinner lubricates business.

C. E. DELLINGER.

All he needs to prepare for his finale is to forget a little.

L. A. LADD.

Champion ticket agent for the Guitar Club concert.

J. HIGGINS.

"The hairs of thy beard are numbered."—*Matt.*

M. OTTERBACK.

One of our business managers appointed to match Davis. At least that is what one might suppose, for he is never seen around editors' meetings when Davis is there.

B. A. DENTON.

"Which we had a small game, it was euchre.

"The game he did not understand."—*Harte.*

J. H. BEALS.

Edwin Booth is not in it with this "Star"—*i. e.*, "Indiana Star."

Class Prophecy.

How many of the Class of 1901 shall meet again in the time that is to be, when some at least, of our ambitions are realized; our hopes and aspirations but memories of the past, and our immature judgments shall be replaced by that founded upon a truer knowledge of ourselves, and a wider acquaintance with the world.

Doubtless some few of us shall be vouchsafed the pleasure of an occasional reunion and then with what gusto shall we recall the friendships of our college days. The old Lecture Hall with its beautiful works of art; the Laboratory, scene of many a fistic encounter and futile attempt to accomplish results never dreamed of, and the merry song of the lecture bell that said, "Ding, dong, come along and listen to my story."

And what delightful romances they were!

How we crowded into the softly cushioned seats eagerly drinking in all their poetic beauty and gazing with rapture on our erstwhile friend of the tomb, suspended in the most unconventional manner by his cranium, or handling with impunity the leviathans of sea or jungle. The Class of 1901 will, I have no doubt, reflect credit upon the Baltimore College of Dental Surgery—already a distinguished institution—for it is a generally conceded fact that since the advent of this class into Baltimore, the hatters have had to increase the size of hats worn hitherto to a much larger degree, and at a convention held a few days ago by these same individuals, certain of them remarked that the sale of soft hats to the students of this class was greater and the size larger than those worn by the members of any preceding class.

One skeptical gentleman advanced the opinion that the increased head distention was not entirely due to mental development, but rather to Welsh rabbits and cold bottles, for he had heard on the quiet that they were hot stuff.

His remarks were frowned upon by the others, some of whom declared they had found upon close observation that the cranial sutures of some of us were gradually giving way to the intellectual form enclosed by them. This is the more remarkable, because some one said we had recently given evidence of softening of the brain, a condition, no doubt, due to the late period at which we were weaned. It is, in fact, a mooted question

in the medical profession whether a few of us should not be killed off for the purpose of investigating this remarkable phenomena. There is a report current, "sub rosa," that the specimens of bridge and crown work may be put upon exhibition at Steelton, to show the remarkable progress of modern blacksmithy.

Their ultimate destination, however, is the Smithsonian Institute at Washington, which is going to be enlarged for the purpose.

We understand that Dr. Hardy has been requested by the United States Government to furnish specimens of plate work made by Seniors, to serve as targets for the new naval guns, a distinction never before conferred upon any similar institution in the world.

The fame of this class is not confined to our own country, for although it is not generally known, it is a matter of fact that Dr. Foster has received requests from the Courts at Berlin, Vienna and London to furnish them with dentists from this year's graduating class, the only stipulation being that we shall work on the royal farms when not otherwise employed, as they understand we're a lot of farmers.

One of our most distinguished classmates, a fellow of infinite jest, after running the gamut of all the vices, has determined to devote the rest of his life to the elevation of a higher moral standard among the students.

At the celebrated temperance rallies held at the College, he may be heard discoursing in the following wise: "My dear young friends, in much perturbation and high wrought vexation, in grief and desperation, and great tribulation, I will give you an oration—an oration on the deplorable effects of whisky, porter and ale.

"How many a poor relation, possessed of a first-rate education, but alas, of a vicious inclination, becomes habituated to the deep potation, and in spite of admonition, snap his finger at his reputation, and horrible infatuation, enters the dens of blue ruination, and quaffs the poisoned drug of contamination."

Then he becomes philosophical and proves to a nicety the physical law of gravitation by getting dead drunk, and becoming attracted to the earth by way of a practical demonstration. His kind friends now leave him to his own meditation, hoping he may soon enjoy the benefit of a pleasanter habitation, and so on *ad libitum*.

Dr. Foster, Jr., says that our work in the Infirmary is simply wonderful, patients returning again and again to have the same teeth treated and refilled.

Our charming Miss was overheard to remark that, although she came "for to admire and for to see," she was resolved to have no filling done until next year. And we all said "that's strange."

In the year 1925, having made a modest fortune of a million dollars by a new method of "How to make learning easy without study," I resolved to renew the friendships of my college days.

To facilitate my movements I bought a flying machine, recently invented by Dr. Peabody, of New Jersey, who praised it very highly, but the blamed thing wouldn't work, and when I demanded my money back he threatened to kick me out, but while his back was turned I stole a full upper and lower set of gold teeth which he wore, and skipped by the light of the moon.

Nothing daunted by this shabby treatment I came to Baltimore, but what a change. My new method was working to perfection, and the students hailed me as the greatest benefactor of the age.

I sauntered into the plaster room of the College, and upon my word there were the same old vulcanizers puffing out steam and singing, "Men may come, and men may go, but I go on forever."

The Faculty was all changed. Dr. Foster, still vigorous and flourishing like a green bay tree, had retired from active practice, and was receiving the reward which comes to all good men and true.

Dr. Latimer, the scholarly, had retired to enjoy a well-earned rest, and find pleasure in the solitude of his study. He was still an occasional contributor to medical science. "Age could not wither, or custom stale his infinite variety." I think Shakespeare must have had in mind a man of this kind when he said, "His ways were gentle and the elements so mixed in him that Nature might stand up and say to all the world, 'This was a man.'"

Dr. Simon had found the philosopher's stone and was enjoying the rewards of his discovery in a quiet way at his country home, fulfilling to some extent the words of Pope:

"Happy the man whose wish and cares
A few paternal acres bound,
Content to breathe his native air in his own ground,
Whose herds with milk, whose fields with bread,
Whose flocks supply him with attire;
Whose trees in summer yield him shade, in winter fire.
Blest who can unconcernedly find hours, days and years glide soft away,
In health of body, peace of mind, quiet by day,
Sound sleep by night, study and ease
Together mixed, sweet recreation
And innocence which most does please with mediation.
Thus let me live, unseen, unknown;
Thus, unlamented, let me die,
Steal from the world, and not a stone tell where I lie."

Dr. Hofmeister was now occupying the Chair of Chemistry, and had recently published a book, entitled "The Study of Chemistry Made Easy," which was having a large circulation.

Dr. Finney had bought a delightful place in the country, and his blooded stock was worth a small fortune. He might be seen occasionally behind a spanking pair of bays, handling the ribbons like a major.

Dr. Will Smith was still flourishing, and his fame as an anatomist was still ripe.

Dr. Foster, Jr., was still dispensing gold in the Infirmary, but he said he never expected to see again the wonderful results accomplished by the Class of 1901. This was praise, indeed.

Dr. B. Holly Smith was now editor of the *United States Dental Journal*, largely quoted in Europe, and devoting much of his time to original investigations in dental science.

Dr. Hardy had been appointed a member of the National Board of Examiners, at a salary of $10,000 a year.

Dr. Dunbracco had almost lost his voice answering questions put to him by students in the Infirmary. His hand, once the most cunning in preparing cavities for us, was now thin and pale from overwork, but he was hoping against hope for a class like that of 1901, but, "Ah, me!" said he, "never again shall I behold such admirable work, such preparation of cavities, such consolidation of gold." He paused, overcome by the recollection.

Dr. Burgess was living on Mount Vernon Place, close to the Monument, to which he had built a remarkable bridge which he called Burgess' Bridge, which, like Katisha's shoulder blade, was worth going miles to see.

As I was going down the College stairs I met the Shade of Thomas, the janitor, who wore a melancholy mien, and when I asked him the cause, he said some of the students had broken into his office downstairs, and stolen his old corduroys, which they were using for polishing wheels. I said, "Thomas, how are the boys getting along?" He shook his head sadly, and then his face lighted up for a moment as he murmured, "Glorious 1901."

I left Baltimore with mingled feelings of pleasure and regret to visit some of my old classmates.

Paul was raising a family, each member of which was wearing a gold set of teeth, and when I remarked upon this, he told me they had worn their natural organs off eating peanuts, a pernicious habit which he himself had acquired at college and bequeathed to them.

Gaylord had an office in Chinatown, San Francisco, and was doing a good business among the Mongolians.

Hamilton, I'm sorry to say, was playing comedy parts with a modest vaudeville company, while Bailey was

filling the ambitious role of announcer at all the celebrated prize fights. He has made a rubber plate for the champion, which has never been broken, and when any one asks who made it, he answers, "J. Bailey, of the Class of 1901."

Hood was giving clinics in crown and bridge work in all the colleges of the South, and the better to advertise his work, had his person adorned with gold cusps, filled with tin.

Rosenthal was dentist in ordinary to His Majesty, the Emperor of Austria, but when I met him he was very sad. I said, "Doctor, whence this sadness?" He then told me that the Emperor had notified him to remove his mustache or be dismissed from Court. He placed his hands upon my shoulders and said, "Shall I do it?" I said, "Certainly. I can find a use for them." So I gave them to Schneider, who is cultivating them assiduously.

I was informed, not on the best authority, however, that the devil paid a visit to Roberts one night with the request that he make him a bridge, as he understood they were the only kind that wouldn't burn up. He intimated at the same time that he would appoint him his special dentist in the near future, because he found that the work of the Class of 1901 so excellent that it would probably last until the end of time.

Diebert is the patentee of a device for making gold fillings stay in any cavity, but recently he loaned it to Logan, who failed to return it, and there is every promise of a lively time when the case comes to Court. It consists of a small mechanical device with adjustments regulated to any sized cavity, an excavator with a blade on the side to both clean out decay and trim margins at the same time, and a short barrel, with a ram-rod like arrangement to pack in the gold. A wonderful invention, indeed.

Clark, Smith, Burleson, Watson and Sinks had formed the Great Southwestern Dental Association, with branch offices in all the large cities of Texas. They had built a joke factory, of which Smith was foreman.

I couldn't find Livonian. I heard he had gone to Tokio to practice there.

Davis was practicing in Kentucky, but some of his friends told me they felt sorry for him, because he was guilty of an unpardonable offense. I asked them what it was, and they told me, with many hems and haws, that he drank his whisky diluted with water. I was, indeed astonished, and promised to bring the matter before the members of the Class of 1901. Such conduct is much to be regretted.

Dr. Simon, Jr., had his laboratory equipped with several large anvils and blowpipes, and when I inquired the cause for the presence of these, he cautiously informed me that he had received several large orders for the animals at the zoo.

Reynolds and Graves were practicing in a little place called Sleepy Town, and it was well named, for the people slept three months every year. Some said this was the reason why Reynolds and Graves settled there. I know when I called on them, they could not be roused, and the office man told me they had been sleeping for almost three months. This was a remarkable case of affinity, for when one was sick the other was invariably so. I had often noticed their appearance at lectures, and I think they must have contracted this habit at college.

Chapman was using a new kind of filling material made from nutmeg paste, but when I saw him, the poor fellow was in a peck of trouble. It seemed he had recently filled some molars for a lady with this material, but she complained some time afterwards of feeling an enlargement of the gums, and when he examined them he found nutmegs growing there. She threatened to sue him for $5000 damages.

Edmonson was still using my old flask, shears, mallet, pliers, etc. As I was leaving his office in Coontown he struck me for a V, as he said he hadn't enough money to pay for a shave.

Higgins hadn't quite finished the Richmond crown he was making in 1901, but hoped to have it finished shortly.

Edwards had just learned the formation of a tooth after twenty years of study, and was rather elated over his attempt. He gave me a bad cigar which made me very sick. He said it was the brand he used at college.

Miss Walker was still working on the man's teeth which she commenced in our last year at college, and he was aging rapidly under the ordeal.

Miss Brush had married a wealthy foreigner and was now the Marchioness de Bourgeilles.

McGlumphy had to buy his own tobacco now, as he couldn't borrow any more. It was a matter of common report that he tried one night to walk away with the Congressional Library Building at Washington merely to inspect it more closely, intending to return it, of course, but was prevented by the authorities. He was still following his old custom of visiting the mechanical laboratory and taking up the specimens for examination.

Meineking was still wearing the old regulating appliance on his front teeth, and his taste for sauer-kraut was manifested by the peculiar odor which pervaded his office. When I called upon Mitchell he was cooking his dinner over an alcohol lamp, and apologized for his modest repast, on the plea that ever since he left Baltimore his stomach would not take choice food, but only pie. As he lived in the Great Pie Belt he was raising them in a small garden attached to his office. His wife was applying for a divorce because she could get no rest. He seemed to have some form of mania, constantly repeating, "There is no bond of union

between tooth structure and gold. Eureka! Class of 1901. We're the stuff. Salt of the earth. You can't beat us."

Schlinkmann was busily engaged on a patent detachment bridge, and was only waiting for a good angel to come along with a large barrel and a pull.

Ladd, of the mellifluent voice, was trying to organize a quartet of male voices to sing college songs, and as I had heard him many years ago I asked him to favor me with a sample of his vocal powers. He did so, and here out of kindness I draw the curtain, for I've been a confirmed invalid ever since. I had to return home, but at some future time I propose to visit the other members of my old class, and recall the days

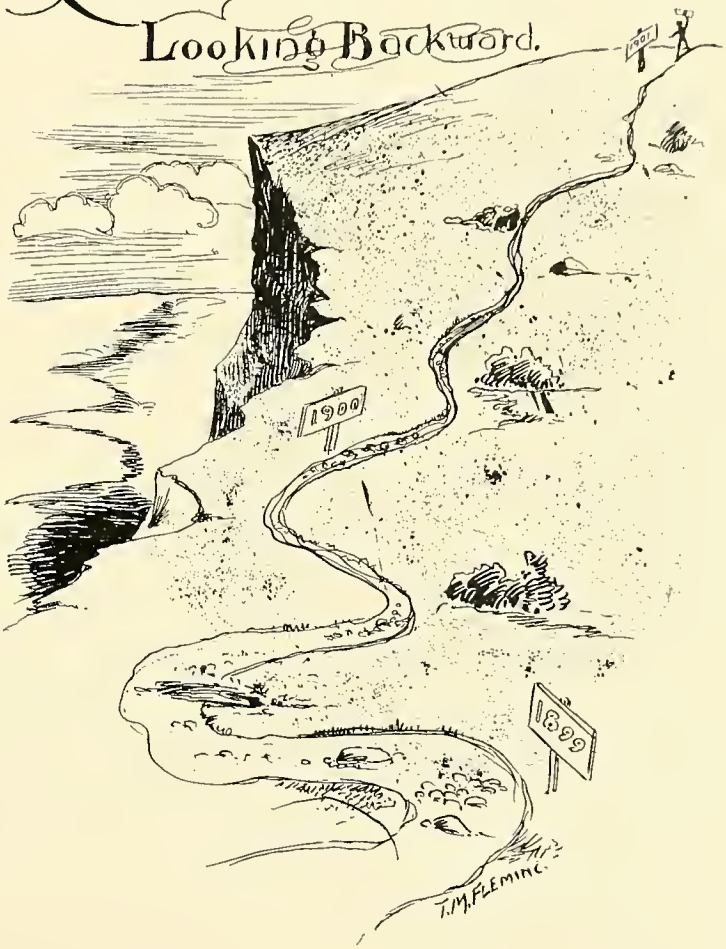
When all the world was young, lads,
  And all the leaves were green,
And every goose a swan, lad,
  And every lass a queen;
Then hey for boat and spur, lad,
  And round the world away,
For youth will have its fling, lad,
  And every dog his day.

Kingsley.

J. Higgins.

Class '01.

Looking Backward.



Retrospect.

"Yes, sir, I just got in about two hours ago, and have been looking for the College ever since. Yes, I'm from West Virginia. Saw it on the bag, didn't you? Didn't want to lose that bag; got all my clothes in it. Say, I had a hard time to find this place. I thought the new Court House was the College from the description in the catalogue. I met a policeman down there and he told me what that place was, and told me how to get here. The policeman on the corner told me how to get in here. He said to go up the step between the butcher shop and Katz, but I guess he was guying me. I saw the butcher shop, but I didn't see any cats."

In looking for the Dean, to register, I went into the College Infirmary to get his address and overheard the above conversation, or at least the part above recorded.

I appreciated the troubles he had gone through, for they were similar to my own, so I proposed we go see the Dean together. After a short walk we arrived at the Dean's residence, and were ushered into the parlor. Presently a tall distinguished looking man, with an iron-gray mustache and a kindly open face, came in, and said in a pleasant voice, "Well, gentlemen, can I do anything for you?" We intimated that we wished to become students at the Oldest Dental College in the World, and were at that moment prepared to undergo whatever forms or initiations were necessary.

The Dean immediately got down to business, and going to his desk, invited us to sign our names in a little book which he produced. The various lines were numbered, I signing on line number twelve, and my new-found friend on thirteen, after making some cabalistic signs and mumbling some inarticulate words, which I suppose to ward off any evil consquences which might result from the said unlucky number.

After signing our names the Dean gave us each a card which was to admit us to the lectures, etc., for which he charged us $5 a piece. He then informed us that we must pay the tuition fee of $100 in advance, which we both did, having no one older and wiser in college ways, particularly Dean's ways, to advise us. Continuing he told us how much we had profited by entering college that year, in fact had saved a whole year, as it was more than probable that the National Association would at its next meeting in August increase

the course to four years. After some parting advice and a pleasant smile to each (I suppose at how "easy" we were) he bade us good-day, and we started to find a boarding-house.

Outside the Dean's front door J—— (we'll call him Tom for short), stopped, while a troubled look came over his face.

"Say, pard," he said, "I've got to sit down and rest awhile; you don't mind, do you? The all-fired fact is these paths are so darn hard with all these bricks on them that my feet hurt, and I have to take my boots off a bit and give them a rest." Suiting the action to the word he drew off his *boots* with a sigh of relief and settled himself down in comfort. Suddenly straightening himself up he undid the strap of his telescope, and lifting the lid he brought forth a quart of moonshine, which he handed to me, saying, "Let's drink to luck and getting through college; but say, I hated to give a hundred dollars so quick." I agreed with him thoroughly, for a ten-dollar bill was a *rara avis* to me, but when it came to a whole flock of them, I would have liked to keep them longer to become more familiar with the sight.

We discussed the best ways of finding some place to board, and after hearing what both had to say it was decided that as policemen had helped Tom out on two different occasions that day, we would try a third time. Accordingly we walked up Charles Street towards the Monument, which Tom declared to be a waste of good stones, unless some one would build a house around it and use it for a chimney. We found an officer resting against a railing, and after he had wakened up and taken a drink of Tom's whisky (which the latter had transferred from his grip to his pocket to be ready for emergencies), he kindly directed us to three or four houses in the immediate neighborhood. After counting over what the Dean had left us I found I had $12.38, and as I could not get any more for a month from home, I decided I could not afford more than $2.50 per week for board. My companion said that this was his outside figure, so that part of the problem being settled we started for the first house we were directed to, which happened to be on Mount Vernon Place.

A darkey opened the door in response to our ring, and after stating our business, he looking us carefully over, grinning a little bit as he did so, and told us, "Dat de house was clean full up, and de landlady wasn't at home nohow."

The second house we applied at was on West Monument Street. Here our reception was a little more cordial. We were shown into a large parlor, which startled us at first by its richness, and the fear of knocking something over. We settled ourselves awkwardly on the edge of a sofa and waited patiently for the landlady to appear.

Presently there was a swishing of skirts, and a middle-aged lady with a kindly face entered and bowed formally to us. We were both embarrassed to such an extent that we forgot where our tongues were, and cast our eyes around the carpet in search of them.

"You sent word by the servant that you wanted to see me about rooms?"

"Yes, ma'am—that is—if—if it isn't too much trouble."

"Oh, no! of course not. Now tell me what you want, and how long you want the rooms for, and how much you want to pay, and do you want private baths?"

We told her that we each wanted a room, that we wanted to pay $2.50 a week, and that as far as private baths were concerned, that while we didn't always take them in private in the country, we guessed we had better do so in the city.

She said she was very sorry she could not accommodate us, but that she had a friend whose name and number she could not remember, but she was on Argyle Avenue, and if we went up there she thought we could find the place and get what we wanted.

We thanked her for the interest she showed in us, and for her kindness in directing us, and started again. After numerous directions we at last found the street and the first house (*much to our surprise*) happened to be a boarding-house. After considerable conversation, which consisted principally in the narration of our histories and hearing the history of our landlady and all her relations, and how she had been reduced from opulence to poverty, retaining only a few old family heirlooms which she showed us, the only one which I remember being a cross made of wax flowers in a deep frame with a glass cover, which at one time was one of the embellishments of a distant relative's funeral. We agreed to pay $2.25 per week apiece, for which we were to occupy one bed in one room and have three meals per diem. The room was not large or cheerful, but we were so elated at being settled that we did not notice such trifles as these, nor did we notice that supper was a little slim, and that those things that we liked best had a nasty habit of just giving out when we asked for them. We spent the rest of the day arranging the room, and as both were tired we went to bed early. The bed felt a little like sleeping on a pile of firewood, and when we turned it sounded like a loose shutter in a wind storm, otherwise we did right well.

On our way to the College in the morning my friend informed me that he was going to get his books and some instruments at once so he would not waste any time, and that as I could not get mine just then I could use his until I got some.

I remember going into the Lecture Hall a little nervously, not so much (I am afraid) from the *realization* of the *grave responsibilities I was undertaking*, as from the shouts and unearthly noises emanating from the students already there, all of which noise seemed directed straight at me. Being modest and unobtrusive I took a back seat (for which I was afterwards thankful, as Tom was later put out of his seat by a prior claimant).

The noise which had slightly modified, broke out again afresh at the entrance of the Professor who was to lecture. I didn't understand much of the lecture, nor of many that followed it, but I kept still and tried to pay attention.

Later in the year I didn't pay attention, but worried those in front of me who pretended they did.

After the lecture a student came up and asked me:

"Are you in a section?"

"I don't know," I replied; "what's that?"

"Why, you have to be in a section of eight men. I don't know what for, but I'll put you in ours."

This was the first introduction to real work which soon started for me and made me feel that all my time was not being wasted.

Another feature which soon amused and also worried me was the quiz. It amused me to hear others quizzed, but a morbid fear crept over me when it was my turn to be called. When I did not know the subject there was always the question in my mind whether to sit like a clam and say nothing, or to open my mouth and put my foot in it. Dr. Simon was my special dread. When he quizzed it was like playing tag with a ball and chain on your leg, and when he finished you felt like a Presbyterian hearse horse at a Baptist funeral.

On returning to dinner my room-mate showed me the books he had purchased. First, there was a Dunglison's Dictionary. He bought this so he could look up words he did not understand in lecture. Secondly, a volume on crown and bridge work, which he proposed to study at once, as some one had told him that bridge work paid the most money.

Extracting the first tooth was an event in my college experience that I will long remember, as will also the Senior in charge that day. I had made him promise that when my turn came he would give me the proper forceps to use, as I did not know one from another.

My turn came in the shape of a large and burly negro. He was seated in the chair, and after the Senior had examined the tooth he handed me the forceps, pointed out the tooth, and in order that I might make no

mistake, put his face down close enough to see all that was going on. I got a tight grip on the tooth and commenced to pull, but the tooth would not come out. After a few more instructions and a few deft turns of the wrist the tooth suddenly made up its mind to come out and surprise us. My arm flew widely around, the forceps striking the Senior in the lip and cutting it. He fell back against two Freshmen, one of whom put his arm through the window, while the darkey, not understanding the racket and not being quite certain of what would next happen, made a break for the door, upsetting Freshmen, chairs, spittoons and whatever else was in the way.

It was some few minutes before we rang the bell for the next patient.

Christmas vacation passed quietly, except on Lexington Street on Christmas Eve, which seance we duly attended dressed in cow-bells, horns and other trinkets. Soon after our return we commenced to plug for examinations, which would soon take place. We had during the year gained a various assortment of knowledge, but in taking stock we found that not much of it could be depended upon. For instance, we knew where we could buy the largest glass of beer for a nickel, how early we had to go to the theatre to get a good seat in peanut heaven, where they raffled turkeys Saturday nights, how to soothe our landlady's ruffled spirits, and what members of the class could be found on Lexington Street and when.

It was only after commencement that we felt that we were out of long clothes and able to walk alone. Until the Seniors, with their overwhelming knowledge and learning, were out of the way, we felt we were but helpless children, and but pigmies compared to them; but now on the second step of the ladder we commenced to accumulate that air of superiority and condescension which only reaches its zenith when the final Senior marks are in.

Returning in our Junior year, we were not so green and innocent. We had learned the ropes, and felt at home. We did not hurry to the Dean to pay our tuition; in fact, it took more than one fervent and energetic appeal to rouse in us the consciousness that a profession costs money to obtain.

The Junior year is marked by two great and absorbing pastimes, the dissecting room and the chemical laboratory work. The dissecting-room, as may be imagined, is the source of the greatest delight. A sickly feeling comes over you as you enter the door of the P. & S. You are very brave when you are buying your instruments, and when you are paying your fee, but somehow this leaves you like your best friends when you lose your money, as soon as you mount the stairs. The odor that greets you as you enter is not reassuring, but with a determination to do or die, and to hide your "streak of yaller" from the others, you boldly approach

and uncover the subjects. If you are right foxy you will be some distance away when the Demonstrator says, "Shave the head," or if you are unlucky enough to be ready you will probably start back with an audible "Ugh!" so soon as your hand touches that cold, clammy thing.

Dissecting becomes such an all-absorbing thought for the next few weeks that you forget all other things. You stop rolling cigarettes, for the odor of tobacco might offend the corpse. Your meals have no fascination for you, and meat is loathsome. This short period is undoubtedly the happiest (?) of the year. Dr. Hoffmeister also dallies with us to some extent in this year. He takes us in the Laboratory, and like a mighty magician shows each man how he can obtain a different colored liquid out of one bottle. During the latter part of the session (provided the Senior Class are as bright as we are) we meet Dr. Will Foster and come under his protective wing, and incidentally that of the Dental Protective Association; that is, we are now to enter on Infirmary work. Our first patient arouses a haunting dread lest we betray our ignorance, or lest the instrument may decide to take a course other than that intended and so do some irreparable damage, both to the patient and our reputation. The tooth is harder than we thought, and the instruments will insist on rattling on the teeth instead of cutting as they should. The engine bur insists on running round the teeth and over the tongue, instead of cutting out the decay, while the rubber dam must have been saturated with the imp of the perverse when it was made. These troubles are soon surmounted and we feel that now we are on the last turn before the stretch is reached.

Now comes the third and golden year, when hope of honors to be won alternates with fears of being "flunked." We now begin to feel to a slight extent the aforementioned *grave responsibilities*, which feeling is accentuated when you devitalize a pulp with arsenic, and the patient failing to show up for a week, you spend the time speculating on what you will say to the coroner's jury.

In this year you give advice and help to the lower classmen (often guessing yourself), with the air and manner of one who knows it all.

The duties of the year are not confined alone to College walls. There is much to be done before we leave our *Alma Mater* that must be done early. Distribution of our smiling faces, pasted on the largest pasteboard we can find, is an important event of the year, outranking all other duties. Weekly or bi-weekly trips to the Auditorium and Palm Garden are also important duties that must be religiously attended to.

Roll-call is an institution that causes considerable annoyance during the year, for the startling regularity with which it is called, only on days when you are absent, is most perplexing. The Dean and Dr. Latimer

are so solicitous for your advancement that during the year they exert so much quizzing power upon you that you feel very much like a boiled rat on a block of ice.

Infirmary patients seem to be leagued against you for the purpose of keeping you at operative work as long as possible. If an amalgam filling is to be put in, or teeth are to be cleaned, the patient is waiting for the doors to open, but if the engagement is for a gold filling, they seem to have important business elsewhere at that particular moment.

The crowning event of the Senior year is the day the marks are read. Numerous visits are first to be made to thirst parlors and wet goods shops, in order that we may have a firm foundation whereon to erect a monument to our joy or build a reservoir in which to drown our sorrows. All is now over but the shouting; that is Commencement. A week is now kindly provided us by the Faculty, in which to hire dress suits and gowns and prime ourselves to face the dignified Dean and bow gracefully as he hands us our sheepskin. Addresses are exchanged and promptly lost, plans hurriedly made, and much bustle and confusion thereby ensues. At last good-bys are said, good wishes for the future exchanged, and we separate, each to go to his chosen place to alleviate human suffering and incidentally to gather the shekels in.

It is but proper in closing to thank the Faculty, the Lecturers and Demonstrators, for the kindness and patience shown to us. Each of us, deep down in his heart, knows that all of those with whom we are brought in contact during our college course have ever been ready to assist us, both practically and with good advice, and we can always remember with a grateful feeling their endeavors in our behalf.

R. E. Edwards.

Senior Class Farewell.

The Senior Class, in finishing its course of studies at the Baltimore College Dental Surgery, bids farewell to the College and classmen of the Junior and Freshman years. 'Tis a sad thing to say farewell to the institution which has given to most of us the knowledge and requirements of the dental practitioner. It is also a pleasure to think that our time has come when we can feel that we are at last through with the trouble of college life and have at last attained that point which we have all been striving for during these three years. All of us have found within the classes and outside the College friends whom we shall always remember, and probably it is the hardest work for us to say farewell to these friends, whom we may never see again. One can hardly do justice to the hospitality of the good people of Baltimore in so short a space, but the class is unanimous, I know, in extending its thanks for the many pleasures which have been afforded us during our stay here. The Faculty of our College should not be slighted here, for many of them, and also the Demonstrators, have given us many pleasant occasions at their homes. It is my opinion that not a few of the Seniors will have a greater task in saying farewell to the fairer sex, for which Baltimore may rightly claim first place. And these "to-be doctors" will go away no doubt with determination in their hearts to return again at some future time when fortune and a good practice has smiled upon them, and all can guess the rest of the story.

"Farewell! a word that must be, and hath been!
A sound which makes us linger—yet—Farewell!"

W. C. Chapman.

SENIOR BOARD OF EDITORS.

A. S. Freeman. C. L. Meineking. James Donnelly.
J. M. Peabody. J. G. Logan. W. T. Davis.

IN
MEMORIAM.
L. Rosenthal

Thomas Francis McGivney

Born April 9, 1878

Died May 7, 1900

Robert Clifford Bradley

Born April 29, 1879

Died March 14, 1900

The A B C of the B.C.D.S.

The boys and the girls of the B. C. D.,
With an S yet attached as a tail,
Have faithfully studied their A B C
And know it without any fail.

With them the A stands for Anatomy,
This means an Abyss of Awe;
It means, to be sure, the Affinity,
As witnessed in Atom's great law.

B stands for Barrels of Brandy and Beer,
And Best girls in old Baltimore;
And Bailey, and Breining, Miss' Brush we find here,
B. B. Bennett and many Bees more.

C stands for Chapman, for Cash and for Caries,
And surely denotes Chemistrié;
While D means Donnelly, Dean, Dues and Davis
And Doctor of Dear Dentistrié.

And E—that is Edwards, Erosion and Exile,
While F stands For Foster and Son,
For Finney and Freeman, For Fillings and File,
For Furnace, For Forceps and Fun.

G always means Gaylord, Greatness and Gold,
Means Gypsum, and Gums and a Ghost;
While H stands for Hardy, for "Hatch and to Hold,"
For Higgins, Hoffmeister and Host.

I stands for Insertion, for Inlay and Is,
While J means a Junior and Jack.
K ever and always refers to a Kiss;
For L there is never a Lack.

For here we find Latimer, Logan and Lamb,
And Lectures, and Letters and Lips,
While Meinecking well represents our M
And N stands for Nerves and for Nips.

O means Our Ortiz, Odóntologié,
But P stands for Powell and Paul,
As also for Páyzant, and Peabodié,
For Platinum, Pus and for Pal.

Q stands for Quicksilver, Quiz and for Quail,
While R stands for Reynolds and Rack,
For Roll-call and also for Rosenthal,
For Rubber without and with neck.

And now we have S—that means all the Smiths,
B. Holly and Marshall—Will F.
It also means Simon, both "Père et Fils,
And Schlinkmann, the great dental chef.

T for Ther'peutics, for Teeth and for Tin,
For Trismus, Trifacial and Tom;
While U stands for Ulna, and V for Vaccine,
For Virus, Vacation and Vome.

Now W often means Wright, but not Wrong,
Means Woodward, Miss Walker and Wink;
While X stands for Xanthin, and Y stands for Young,
And Z in conclusion means Zink.

Wm. Simon.

Roasts
T. M. T.

To those who know thee not, no words can paint,
And those who know thee—know all words are faint.

Those who may consider this book of enough value to pass away a few moments of their leisure time, I will try to interest by telling of some of the lectures we receive from the members of our distinguished Faculty, the equal of which cannot be found on this earth (outside of some small country school-house with one pupil).

First of all, I will tell you about our Dean, the Honorable M. Whilldin Foster, M.D., D.D.S., an esteemed old gentleman, grown gray in the effort to instil knowledge in the minds of the would-be dentists; a man whose name alone is sufficient to give a reputation to any institution with which he is connected. He is the man who is known among the boys as "Tepid Water," not on account of being "hot stuff," but from his wonderful knowledge of tepid water.

I will, before passing, give you a facsimile of a lecture by the "grand old man" of our noble profession. At 5 o'clock in walks the honorable, white-haired gentleman, greeted by shouts of "roll-call!" After from three to five minutes the boys cease shouting and "Tepid Water," astonished by the warm reception, looks amazed, but soon recovers, takes off his glasses and proceeds as follows: "Gentlemen, it is not necessary for me to call the roll, as we have a more improved method. You see that hole in that door? Through that Thomas collects the numbers of the vacant seats. Now, gentlemen, I will give you some New Year's advice. Now is the time for you to study, and not put it off until the eleventh hour; and if you flunk in the examination it will be useless for you to come down to my office with tears in your eyes and say you are ashamed to go home. So, boys, take my advice and study and keep away from Lexington Street and other places of amusement. I will now tell you something that you have heard many times before in regard to that wonderful remedy, 'tepid water,' which is very useful to the dentist. In treating teeth with or without pulps, use plenty of 'tepid water,' as it is the best germicide we know of."

William F. Smith, A.B., M.D.

I will now hasten to tell you about Dr. Wm. Smith, our Anatomist, "the man who handles the bones." He enters the Lecture Hall three times each week—Monday at 10 o'clock, Tuesday at 11 and Wednesday at 10. It makes but little difference whether I have stated the correct lecture hours or not, for if you have missed his lecture it is so much gained, as all you would learn would be that you knew nothing in regard to his subject. He stands behind the desk and handles the skeleton with such a familiarity that one might think they were old college chums. Such is not the case, as I have questioned the Professor in regard to the subject. He told me that the skeleton from which he lectures was made by "Bailey, the carpenter of the Senior Class."

Before passing I will give you an idea of a quiz by this man. We all know that he can catch us if he so desires, but as he is very considerate he calls on "Jim Stuart" and asks him the function of the foramen magnum. The answer comes in a loud, clear voice, "It is the opening in the skull through which the food passes into the stomach." "Very good, indeed," says the Professor. "Mr. Haggerty, where is the heart situated?" After feeling in the region where the heart is situated, he replies: "I haven't any; my puella has it."

Thomas S. Latimer, M.D.

I must not forget Dr. Thomas Latimer, the man whom the boys all like. I don't know whether it is on account of his winning ways or on account of the interesting subject with which he deals—that is, "Comparative Anatomy in Relation to Dentistry." The boys all attend his lectures, not always because they are inclined to learn comparative anatomy, but because he is very strict in calling the roll. He has all kinds of objects which he claims are the remains of dead animals, and that ends it.

The manner in which he pronounces some of the names is remarkable. He meets the class on Tuesdays and Fridays at 12 o'clock. He spends the first ten minutes of his hour in calling the roll. "Davis, Kentucky." One of his many friends shouts "Sick!" and he is excused. "Simon, Maryland." "Here." "Where?" "Here." "Raise your hand, gentlemen, when your name is called. William Benjamin Flynn, Fall River, Massachusetts." "Gone home for the holidays," comes from the rear, etc. When the roll-call is finished the lecture begins, but after a short time the boys have become so charmed by the interesting subject that they may be heard snoring, especially those in the rear.

"Good-day, gentlemen; I will see you again Friday."

B. Holly Smith, M.D., D.D.S.

This is the man who has the reputation of being the best joker in the Faculty. It is he who lectures on nitrous oxide and other anæsthetics. His subjects being oral surgery and operative dentistry, it is he who cuts his lectures short, not on account of severe headaches, but on account of not knowing of anything else to amuse the class.

"Gentlemen, you all know that nitrous oxide is the safest anæsthetic we have, but nevertheless care must be exercised in its administration. I will now relate to you a case which happened while I was a Demonstrator at this College. [Takes out handkerchief and wipes back his mustache.] There was a lady come to the College to have some teeth extracted. She desired to take gas to produce anæsthesia, and naturally all the boys, some thirty or forty in number, stood around with eyes dilated and mouths wide open while the lady was anæsthetized and the teeth extracted, or, more correctly speaking, broken off at the gingival margin. After a few minutes she regained consciousness and I asked her how the gas affected her. She said, 'I imagined I saw angels floating around in the air.' So you see what wonderful properties this agent possesses, when it has the power of converting dental students into angels."

The class go into hysterics at the thought that they may some day become angels.

"I *must* have order, gentlemen, and before proceeding I take the liberty to ask our friends from North Carolina, who have brought a year's supply of peanuts with them, to cease eating them during the lecture hour, or I shall ask them to share with me." Laughter and "Ha! ha!" comes from the class. "Before completing the subject of N_2O, if there is anyone in the class who volunteers to become a subject I will willingly give the class a clinic." Bailey, with his fog-horn voice, yells "Goo-goo!" which is a nickname the boys have for our friend Edmondson, of Tennessee. He kindly volunteers to sacrifice his precious life for science.

"Well, gentlemen, I will bid you good evening, and see you again to-morrow evening, when I will administer the gas to our courageous volunteer."

Thursday at 5 o'clock in walks B. Holly, as he is usually called. I will tell you what has happened in the meantime. The boys have made arrangements for Goo-goo's funeral and have agreed to wake him at Pabst Garden. They have selected his pall-bearers. Those who have been selected to perform this "grave work" are Messrs. Wright, Jarrett, Paul and Vitou. The class have gone so far as to order his tombstone, on which is to be inscribed: "He lived for others; he died for his class." I have strayed from the lecture. I will now return.

As I have previously said, "B. Holly" enters at 5 o'clock, wearing a broad, grim smile. He walks over to where Thomas, our janitor, has arranged the chair where "Goo-goo" is to meet his fate.

Then "Goo-goo," who has all this time been quietly smoking a cigarette, arises and with the air of one who is about to perform a heroic deed or contribute something to science, walks to the chair. Then B. Holly, after placing his hand on "Goo-goo's" shoulder, asks him a few questions. Edmondson, being an apt student, knows how to answer. B. Holly asks Edmondson if he wishes any operation performed, and "Goo-goo" replies, "A shave, please." Everything being now ready, the hood is placed over "Goo-goo's" face and Schlinkmann turns on the gas. Edmondson breathes deep and long and is soon in the excited stage, and exclaims, "It cost me $11.70, but I didn't do it." This stage is soon passed and "Goo-goo" is dead to the world for the time being. After recovering, Edmondson gets up and staggers to his seat amid the tumult of the class.

"Gentlemen, I feel indebted to this young man, the hero of his class, whose heroism cannot be expressed in words, and I am sure the entire class unite with me in thanking him for his great sacrifice." Three cheers then come from the class, both for "B. Holly" and "Goo-goo." After the shouting has ceased "B. Holly" bids the boys "good night."

William B. Finney, D.D.S.

Dr. Wm. B. Finney is our Professor of Mechanical Dentistry. This is a branch which, if one wishes to become renowned in, he must possess mechanical skill and artistic taste. He is the man who has the clinics in the Lecture Hall to the satisfaction of all the students who seem to be interested in this work. Sometimes he mixes sand preparatory to running a zinc die. I recall what he has often said: "You must not have your sand too wet, as it will cause bubbles in your die, and if too dry it will crumble. This work is very important, though you can teach your office boy how to do it. I only do it once a year, that is when I demonstrate here, as it takes me a month to get my hands in condition to operate. Boys, do not get discouraged if everything does not go like clock-work, as I run across difficulties even after my twenty-five years of experience. If you make a plate for an old lady, and after you place it in the mouth you see that it fits perfectly, and she tells you she cannot wear it, just 'jolly her along.' Gentlemen, I will leave you. At our next meeting we will discuss the subject of impression materials and have a clinic on the same." I neglected to state that this Professor favors the class with his presence twice a week, Tuesday at 9 o'clock and Thursday at the same hour.

William Simon, Ph.D., M.D.

Dr. Simon meets Senior Class.

"Good morning, gentlemen. I have heard that there is much dissatisfaction among the members of this class on account of I having quizzed the Freshmen. Now I will favor the Senior Class, and allow you to display your remarkable chemical knowledge. I know you are all great chemists. Therefore I will call on our friend, Mr. Smith, Texas. What are the chemical elements of which the human body is composed?"

Smith answers: "Carbon, hydrogen, nitrogen, oxygen," then he frowns and Watson prompts him in a whisper loud enough to be heard across the room and Smith answers the remaining elements.

"Very good," says Dr. Simon. "We will now ask Mr. Ortiz to tell all he knows of hydrogen peroxide."

Mr. Ortiz: "It is a chemical compound of hydrogen and oxygen; it is used by the colored race for bleaching their skin; but its most important use is for the purpose of obtaining that peroxide blonde which the young ladies desire and the young men admire."

"I would like to be able to stay with you longer, to enable you to display more of your chemical knowledge, but as my time is limited I must leave you."

Edward Hoffmeister, Ph.D., D.D.S.

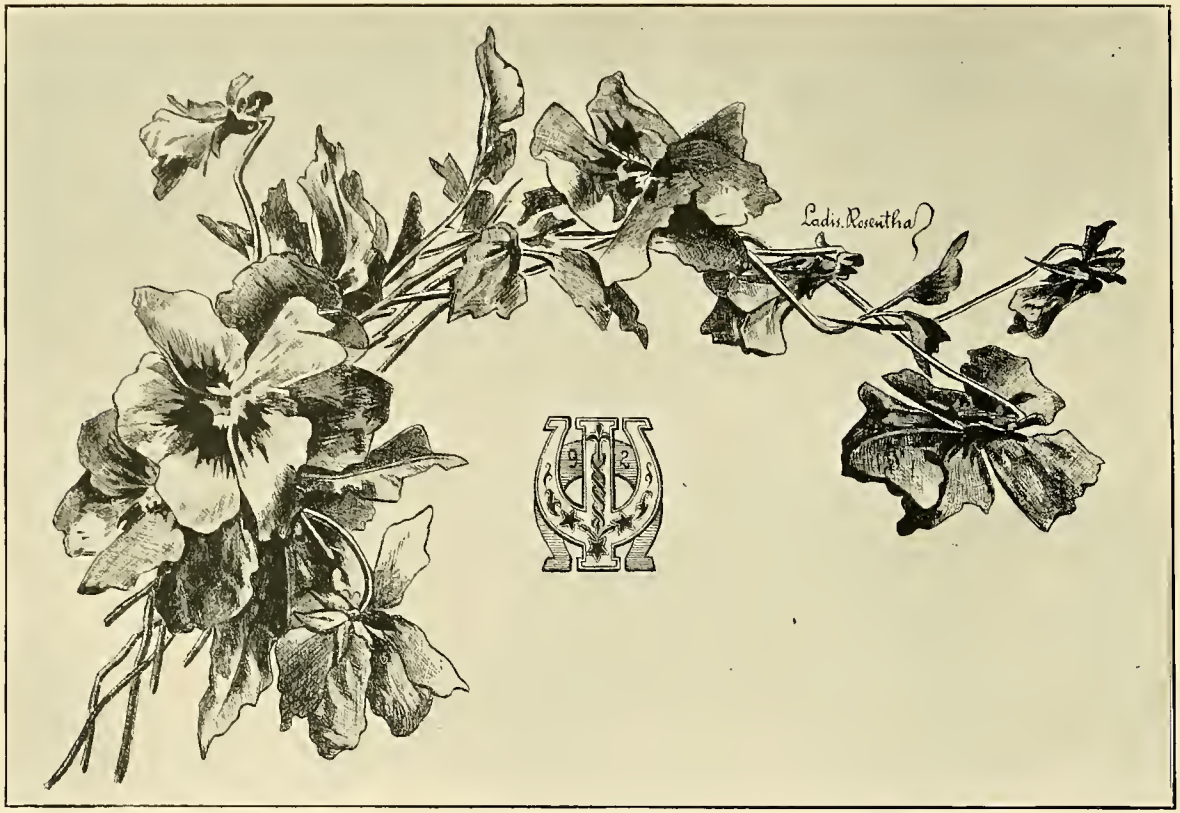
I will now tell you about the youngest man of our Faculty. He is very boyish in appearance, but old in knowledge. The manner in which he enumerates drugs is marvelous. He meets the class at 5 o'clock on Friday, and Saturday morning at 9.

As you have been given a facsimile of the other lectures, it would be doing you, and also the Professor, for whom I have the greatest respect, a great injustice if I did not tell you the manner in which he puts the boys to sleep. At 5 o'clock he enters, greeted as usual by shouts, whistling, and the stamping of feet. After this has subsided somewhat, voices are heard from all parts of the room, "Story! story!" The Doctor, after recovering from the shock which this reception has occasioned, says: "Gentlemen, I cannot express my appreciation for this unanimous applause, but as one of my New Year's resolutions was to abstain from story-telling, I hope you will excuse me. Instead of telling you a story, I will try to amuse you by lecturing on a few drugs. Opium, with its sixteen or more alkaloids. You need learn only six of them, but I will include all in the enumeration. Coca, with its alkaloid cocaine; belladonna, with its alkaloid atropine; and nux vomica, with

the alkaloid strychnine. The dose of strychnine is one-sixtieth to one-twentieth grain, but you may give a drachm and watch its effect. I must break my New Year's resolution and tell you about an old Irishman I once knew, who said: 'If a little is good, a larger amount must be better.' That is why I tell you to give a drachm dose. Gentlemen, as my hour is up, and I see you are anxious to get out, you may go; but come to-morrow morning prepared for a quiz on the drugs which I have mentioned this evening; also learn the pharmaco-dynamics of alcohol. Good night; I will see you at nine o'clock in the morning."

James A. Donnelly.

F R A T S



PSI OMEGA.

Alpha Chapter Psi Omega.

Manus Multae cor Unum.

Ankeny, W. V., Pennsylvania.
Arcand, E. J., Pennsylvania.
Aronheim, A., Virginia.
Berry, R. B., Maryland.
Bickford, E. W., Maine.
Boivin, J. E., Canada.
Boone, E. L., Alabama.
Boslet, F. J., Pennsylvania.
Boyd, J. T., Alabama.
Burgess, J. K., D.D.S.
Brown, H. E., North Carolina.
Brown, R. B., Maryland.
Clark, J. P., Texas.
Corbett, T. J., Connecticut.
Corriell, L. D., D.D.S., Maryland.
Chapman, W. C., Connecticut.
Croom, J. D.
Cupp, A. F.
Davidson, W. L., Connecticut.
Davis, W. T., Kentucky.
Ehringhaus, E., North Carolina.
Evans, L. B., West Virginia.
Finney, Wm. B., D.D.S.
Foster, M. W., M.D., D.D.S.
Foster, W. G., D.D.S.
Gaylord, H. A., California.
Handy, G. S., Mississippi.
Hardy, Geo. E., M.D., D.D.S.
Hazlett, W. L., Pennsylvania.
Hickman, C. A., Texas.
Humphrey, L. M., North Carolina.
Hutchins, C. T., Maryland.
Irwin, R. B., New York.
Jamieson, R. B., Canada.
Latimer, T. S., M.D.
Lodge, F. S.
Lever, H. M., D.D.S.
Love, G. R., Ohio.
Logan, J. G., Pennsylvania.
McGlumphy, W. G., West Virginia.
McCusky, H. B., West Virginia.
McGrath, J. J., Connecticut.
MacLean, E. G., Canada.
McNay, J. L., West Virginia.
Meinecking, C. L., Germany.
Oates, C. L.
Ortiz, A., Porto Rico.
Oxner, W. C., Canada.
Paul, J. L., Pennsylvania.
Patterson, J. L., Kentucky.
Reynolds, D. L., California.
Robbins, W. A., Jr., New Jersey.
Rosenthal, L., M.D., Germany.
Simon, Wm., Ph.D., Maryland.
Sinks, W. W., Texas.
Smith, B. Holly, M.D., D.D.S.
Stewart, Chas. R., D.D.S.
Taylor, E. B., Maine.
Thompson, E. C., Minnesota.
Tierney, T. J., Maryland.
Weichselbaum, Wm., Georgia.
Williamson, C. D., West Virginia.
Wright, H. P., Canada.

PSI OMEGA FRATERNITY.

XI PSI PHI.

Xi Psi Phi Fraternity.

Present Members.

Seniors.

John H. Beals, Winchester, Ind.
Frank J. Bailey, East Longmeadow, Mass.
James A. Donnelly, Fall River, Mass.
James D. Duke, Baltimore, Md.
Robert E. Edwards, Philadelphia, Pa.
Alonzo S. Freeman, Dover, N. J.
Warren D. Haggerty, Jr., Deckertown, N. J.
William H. Hamilton, Hampton, Va.
Joseph Higgins, Paterson, N. J.
Lawrence A. Ladd, Pownal, Vt.
Matthew J. Mitchell, Taunton, Mass.
Morgan Otterback, Washington, D. C.

Elias R. Payzant, Falmouth, Nova Scotia.
C. Maurice Peabody, Caldwell, N. J.
Benjamin R. Powell, Oxford, Pa.
George E. Robarge, Keeseville, N. Y.
J. H. Schlinkmann, Martinsburg, W. Va.
Rudolph Wm. Simon, Station G, Baltimore, Md.
Wm. J. Roberts, Cornwall, Ontario.
Joseph F. Snyder, Harrisville, Pa.
James A. Stuart, Baltimore, Md.
Alden M. Vannetta, Bayonne City, N. J.
Murdock M. Woodward, Johnstown, Pa.

Juniors.

Edgar D. Barclay, Scranton, Pa.
Robert H. Bath, Bridgetown, Nova Scotia.
John Burt, Saratoga Springs, N. Y.
M. J. J. Marlier de Routon, Breda, Holland.
Ingo V. Gregory, Kreis Trebnitz, Germany.
Wm. Augustus Hayes, Charlotte, N. C.

Fred C. House, Wilkes-Barre, Pa.
Henry B. Johnston, Dover, N. J.
Walter F. Landau, Breslau, Germany.
Wm. H. Lanston, Port Clinton, O.
E. Earle Robins, Central Bedeque, Prince Ed. Island.

Freshmen.

Fredric A. Grey, Winchester, Ind.
William A. Mabie, Cobleskill, N. Y.

Willard A. Ribble, Wilkes-Barre, Pa.
Ernest C. Vitou, Winthrop, Mass.

Honorary Members.

W. W. Dunbracco, D.D.S.
W. F. Smith, M.D.
C. M. Gingrich, D.D.S.
J. C. Sutherland, D.D.S.
W. Simon, Ph.D., M.D.

XI PSI PHI FRATERNITY.

INRI
YOUNGMEN'S
CHRISTIAN
ASSOCIATION.
Ladis. Rosenthal

Y. M. C. A.

Branch B. C. D. S.

Officers.

J. W. Pletcher, President.

L. A. Ladd, Treasurer.

R. A. Ker, Secretary.

Members of Bible Study Class.

H. L. Averill,
B. F. Allen,
C. E. Foster,
J. F. Worrell,
C. L. Thompson,
E. A. Lenert,
J. W. Pletcher,
R. A. Ker,

Though it is some forty-four years since the first College Y. M. C. A. was organized at the University of Virginia, and twenty-five years since the Intercollegiate Movement of North America was started at Princeton, the work has only actively begun in this College during the present year. There are now 559 Student Associations in the country affiliated with the movement, and the total membership is 40,000. This makes it by far the largest student club in the world.

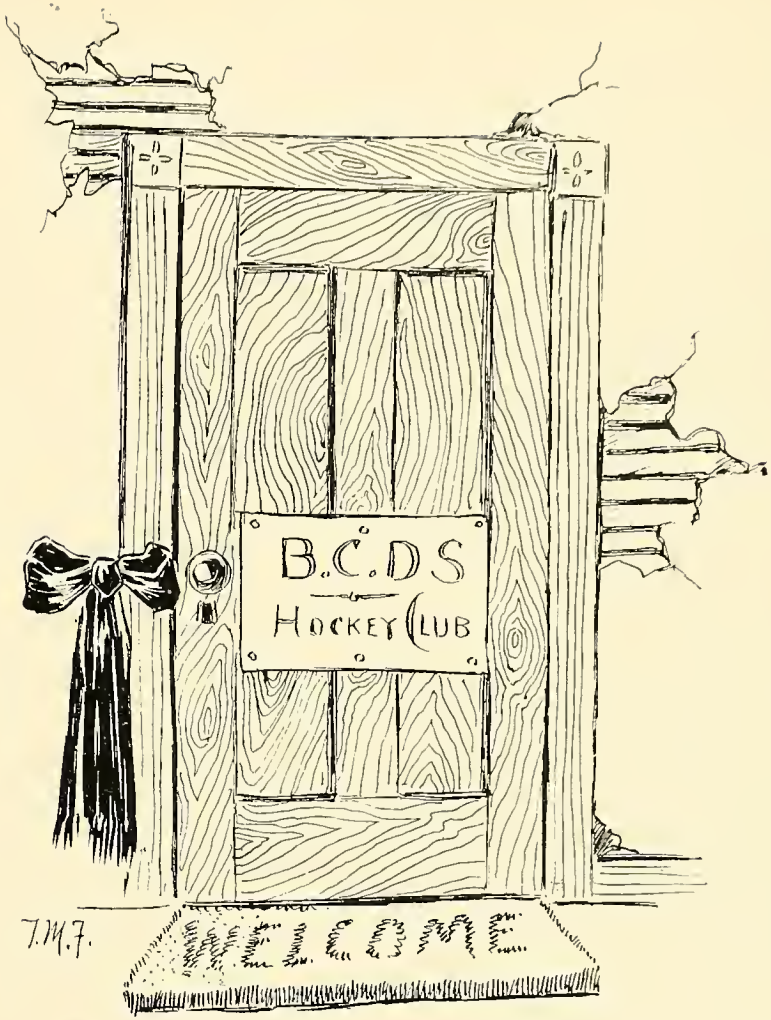
In several of the largest cities of the United States the colleges are grouped together into an Intercollegiate Department of the Central Y. M. C. A., and we are one of eight Associations which are united to form such a Department in Baltimore.

What the work means to schools where it is firmly established is hard to express in a few words. Firstly, it should raise the whole moral tone of the institution. This has been very apparent in Baltimore, in more than one case, where professors have testified to greater order, better work, and less idleness and vice. On this ground alone it is worthy of the support of all quiet and steady men.

Then it develops individual character. Here is its greatest mission. Those who begin college with high ambitions and noble aspirations can foster them and grow up into strong and useful men, not losing their high standards, but testifying to them.

Lastly, it promotes earnest Christian living, and helps men to hold up an example of their Master to those around—not by any means an easy thing.

The activity of our Association is at present directed toward a strong Bible Class, with eight members to start with. These men are taking a systematic course of study, the text-book being Murray's "Studies in the Life of Christ." By the end of the year we hope to have at least thirty members in the Association, and we intend to send a delegate to the Northfield Students' Conference, where 600 students meet for ten days to discuss Association work, and to listen to some of the finest speakers in the country.


B.C.D.S
HOCKEY CLUB
7.M.7.

Baseball.

It is astonishing that there has not been a good Baseball team in this College heretofore. There were likely enough baseball players, but active and able leaders were missing. The originators of this team are Mr. F. J. Bailey, Massachusetts, and Mr. J. H. Schlinkmann, West Virginia, who are both old baseball players, having played in various leagues. The two gentlemen came together and their favorite topics were anecdotes of baseball. At last one suggested to organize a team in the College, and on January 16, 1901, they called a meeting of all those interested in the game, which was largely attended. Mr. Bailey, acting as temporary chairman, incorporated the team. The candidates were:

R. E. Edwards, H. B. McCusky, A. M. Doolittle—*Catchers.*
J. H. Schlinkmann, J. F. Clark, H. B. Johnson—*Pitchers.*
J. H. Beales, E. C. Thompson—*First Base.*
F. J. Bailey, S. C. Ford, J. A. McMurdo—*Second Base.*
E. W. Bickford, W. V. Ankeny, C. S. McCullum—*Third Base.*
R. B. Brown, E. M. Edmonson—*Short Stops.*
Boswick, G. Lynch, M. M. Woodward, Mervill, C. L. Thompson, F. A. Gray—*Out Field.*

Officers of the Team.

F. J. Bailey, *Manager.* F. A. Gray, *Treasurer.* E. C. Thompson, *Secretary.*

The team will be selected from these candidates, and we are sure to produce one of the finest college teams of the United States. Every one of them will receive a special training in batting, base-running, catching, pitching, etc. We are going to engage one of the very best baseball players, who will make it a specialty to coach our team and bring it up to the mark by teaching and training every man separately. With this

expert help we expect to send forth a good, active and clever team, which will bring honor to our old B. C. D. S. in this line also.

By May we expect to be able to send out the "Blue and the Old Gold" team, which we hope will prove to play as one of the finest teams on the diamond, for the stock is some of the best ever gathered together in a college, many having formerly played in various leagues.

We also hope that the B. C. D. S. will keep on cultivating this excellent sport, and keep up the good team for all time to come, even if the leaders, Mr. Bailey and Mr. Schlinkmann, are not members of it any more, who both deserve the credit for starting and arranging this team.

May the "Blue and the Old Gold" team win the championship over the other college teams, and bring home trophies of their bravery and skill, that when our sons should some day come to the B. C. D. S. to learn the noble profession of their fathers, they will be proud of being members of the old, glorious institution, and they will keep up the spotless record of our old "B. C. D. S."

CHAS. L. MEINEKING.

MANDOLIN
AND GUITAR CLUB.

THE MANDOLIN AND GUITAR CLUB.

The Mandolin, Guitar and Glee Club.

Ten years ago there was formed in the College the first organization to be known as the Glee Club of the Baltimore College of Dental Surgery. Before that time several unsuccessful attempts were made to organize such a club from among the students, although from time to time there appeared in the College soloists of ability who took part in many of the College entertainments. In 1895 the organization was again made by ten students, and since then it has been permanent, with a membership varying from ten to thirty-two. Not until 1896 was there any attempt to form a Mandolin and Guitar Club. During that year there was organized a quartet; the next year the membership was increased to ten, including two soloists, a violinist and a mandolinist. The largest club in the history of the organization was during the session of 1899-1900; then it consisted of a Mandolin and Guitar Club of twelve and a Glee Club of twenty members.

At the present time the membership is fourteen:

DR. W. G. FOSTER, *Manager.*

First Mandolins.

A. Leslie Leighton (Director).
Wm. Weichselbaum.

Second Mandolin.

L. A. Ladd.

Mandola.

F. W. Deibert.

Violin.

R. B. Irwin.

Flute.

H. A. Gaylord.

Guitars.

L. P. Breining.
J. P. Evans.

Piano.

E. P. Graves.

Quartet.

J. W. Carmody . . . . . *First Tenor.*
Z. Potvin . . . . . *Second Tenor.*
J. C. Kennedy . . . . . *First Bass.*
F. J. Boyce . . . . . *Second Bass.*

Among the soloists of the Club are Mr. R. B. Irwin, formerly director of the Orpheus Orchestra, of New York City, and well known in the musical circles in that city; Mr. George Carr, of Pennsylvania, identified as an able banjo soloist and teacher; Mr. A. Leslie Leighton, formerly a soloist and instructor of the mandolin and banjo, and director of the Amphion Mandolin Club, of Portland, Me.; and Mr. Z. Potvin, of Massachusetts, a member of the quartet at the Cathedral in Baltimore.

The first concert of the season was given at the Sheppard and Enoch Pratt Hospital, in Baltimore. At this concert the Club rendered for the first time before the public the "B. C. D. S. Two-step," a march composed for the Club by A. Leslie Leighton, and dedicated to Dr. W. G. Foster, of Baltimore. The reception accorded to the rendering of this new march at the entertainment given by the Woman's Club of Roland Park was very gratifying to the members of the Club. The program on opposite page was rendered by the Club at the annual concert and hop given by the College.

Horace A. Gaylord.

Annual Concert and Hop

by the

Baltimore College of Dental Surgery

Mandolin and Guitar Club.

I. O. H. Hall, Feb. 15, 1901. H. Leslie Leighton, Director.

Wm. Weichselbaum, *Mandolin.*
L. A. Ladd, *Mandolin.*
F. W. Deibert, *Mandola.*
H. A. Gaylord, *Flute.*
J. P. Evans, *Guitar.*
L. P. Breining, *Guitar.*
E. P. Graves, *Accompanist.*
R. B. Irwin, *Violin.*
Geo. Carr, *Banjo.*
Z. Potvin, *Baritone.*

Program.

1. "Miserere," from Il Trovatore, ... *Verdi.*
   Mandolin Club.
2. Fantasia (Banjo Solo) . . . . . *Armstrong.*
   Geo. Carr.
3. Flower Song (Blumenlied) Mandolin Solo. . . . . *Lange.*
   A. L. Leighton.
4. Ghosts' Patrol, ... *Weaver.*
   Mandolin Club.
5. Absent (Baritone Solo) . . . . . *Metcalf.*
   Z. Potvin.
6. "March," from Tannhäuser, ... *Wagner.*
   R. B. Irwin.
7. B.C.D.S. Two-Step, ... *Leighton.*
   Mandolin Club.

The Glee Club

OLEINE
SOAP

THINGS "**SEEN**" AND "**HEARD**" ABOUT COLLEGE.

Things Seen and Heard About College.

Bailey and his yell.
Peabody and his camera.
Hatch and his golden teeth.
Hess and his gun.
Boyce and his voice.
Bloch and his high hat.
Edmonson and his goo-goo eyes.
Lakin and the ladies.
Vitou and Mrs. Piper.
Simon and his canaries.
Leighton and his beard.
Hamilton and his rumors.
Woodward and his tow head.
Meineking and his mustache.
Schlinkmann as Mark Hanna.
Paul and his whistle.
Aronheim and Ehringhaus.
House and his anæsthetic.
Landau and his lame leg.
Williamson and the cat.
Freshman Bailey's nose.
"Eddie" Green and the Jewess.
Higgins and his bald head.
"Hank" Johnson and "Shanks" Vitou.

Definition of a Sleeper.

A sleeper is one who sleeps. A sleeper is that in which a sleeper sleeps.

A sleeper is that on which a sleeper runs while the sleeper sleeps.

Therefore, while the sleeper in the sleeper sleeps, the sleeper carries the sleeper over the sleeper, until the sleeper which carries the sleeper, jump the sleeper and wake the sleeper in the sleeper by striking the sleeper under the sleeper on the sleeper, and there is no longer any sleeper, sleeping in the sleeper on the sleeper.

R. E. Edwards.

Legend of the Incubator (*Hatch*).

(Adapted from "In Old Madrid.")

Long years ago, in Baltimore,
So runs the legend, we are told,
A young man came to study teeth
In a Dental College, famed and old.

An' oft upon the students' gaze, 'tis said,
A collar flashed, that was so high
The eyes grew tired in their search
To find where rested the necktie.

'Tis further said that laundrymen,
To gain a proper recompense,
Upon their bills this item put:
"Three collars, thirty cents."

R. E. Edwards.

The Compend, or Short Cut to Knowledge.

1. The compend is my helper; I shall not flunk.

2. It maketh me to have clear conceptions of the subject: and leadeth me to much glory.

3. It raiseth my standing and leadeth me in the paths of knowledge for credit's sake.

4. Yea, though I plod through my book of anatomy, I will fear no evil; thy words and thy phrases they comfort me.

5. Thou preparest my lessons for me in spite of my instructors; thou crownest my head with fame and my marks run high.

6. Surely applause and recognition shall follow me all the days of my life, and the compend shall dwell in my house for ever and for ever. Amen.

Lowell P. Breining.

The Retention of the Canine.

It is with fear and trembling that I approach this mooted question; one on which bright and able writers have disagreed. I offer as an excuse for my temerity the fact that some of my ideas may be of use to my fellow-students, if not to the profession at large, and may at times help them over a difficult place.

The subject can be conveniently divided in two parts.

First, we will discuss the retention of the canine.

Personally, I favor its retention, when I am on other people's property and the canine is by reputation aggressive.

I think it also well to retain it when its reputation is doubtful, and the external covering of your lower extremities is of recent manufacture.

The most dire results have occurred from the non-retention of canines on muddy days, even canines whose history and temperament was most favorable.

I have seen an otherwise skillful operator retire from a case of this character, with a polka-dot suit of clothes that would have done credit to a fancy cake-walk, or a jockey after a race on a muddy track.

Cases have also been reported where operators have lost their meals and temper by neglecting the proper precautions in the treatment of canines.

Non-retention is indicated (being owner of the canine) when, at the dark and silent hour of midnight, when witches ride the air on brooms, the graves give up their dead and iron-clad warriors of ages past ride out upon the road with reckless speed; your neighbor, a dusky deacon, strengthened with a large and growing appetite and empty larder, steals forth with stealthy step (and a capacious sack) to take unto himself your feathered Brigham Youngs, their wives and children.

Before closing I wish to trespass on most dangerous ground, viz: Implantation.

When, through some unfortunate accident, the canine is loosened and removed from its socket (the dog-house), the operator is figuratively and literally (if the vegetable is near at hand) "up a tree."

There are in this instance but two courses to pursue: Implantation and ventilation.

If the owner of the canine is in the immediate vicinity, it is well to begin by urging him most earnestly and persuasively to return the canine to its socket. You should give him the most precise and minute instructions, in order that the offending member be properly returned and most firmly fixed in its accustomed place.

Let me further caution you not, under such circumstances, to use your own hands in the operation.

Ventilation must and can only be performed with a suitable instrument.

Those most in use can be used five times without refilling, and are usually carried in the hip pocket, and as Bill Nye said, "are little articles for the ventilation of the human anatomy." I think they will work equally as well on the canine.

R. E. Edwards.

College Environments.

Years ago, through days so dreary,
Dentists pondered, weak and weary.
  Without a single volume of our now far-famed lore,
Then some wise men did found a college,
Where they might imbibe some knowledge—
  Oldest College on any shore.

Still it stands this noble college
(There we now imbibe *our* knowledge),
  Stands towering grandly 'twixt a shoe and toy store,
Windows bear the dust of ages,
Couldn't be described in pages,
  Oldest College on any shore.

Up the broad stone steps you scurry—
To the Infirmary door you hurry—
  Aspect charming of caries farming meets your wondering gaze.
Workers in white over chairs in cherry
Tell you in accents decided very,
  "This College pays."

To the brightest window wander,
Turn your gaze over yonder—
  "Pet Emporium," "Butter and Eggs," and "Poultry" loom in view.
Let your eyes glance up the street
"Hardware" and "Poultry" again you meet.
  Oldest College has sights for you.

'Gainst its walls stands the old "Peanut Man,"
Who will tell you, if in English he can,
  That many a nickel of his fortune came from our students' store.
Across the street stands the Walzl Building,
With marble front and turret gilding,
  Across from our College in Baltimore.

From this gay sight your senses tear,
Ascend to the tiny "salon" on the stair,
  Where the vulcanizers challenge lather and plaster with a roar.
Here the works of art are made,
Here the talent is displayed
  Of the College known the whole world o'er.

Upward push along to glory,
Here you'll find the Laboratory,
  Where lockers, lathes and workmen have their home.
Here sometimes the brownies fly,
And that I know is the reason why
  "Things" oft roam.

Pass across to a little door
Here of "Chemicals" there is a store,
  Also a place for people to come who desire a full rubber denture.
If you make a plate, all nonsense abolish,
For if you don't give it a first-class polish,
  Dr. Hardy will censure.

Next door to this, in spotless order (?),
Cream painted walls, with oaken border,
  Is the spacious Lecture Hall (ceiling many feet in height),
Students enter, all noise ceases,
In old oaken seats they take their places;
  They always do what's right.

This dear old place isn't much for looks,
Though it *is* cracked up in the College books,
  But still we love it truly, e'en the windows dust befurled.
And every student here
Sings the praises, far and near,
  Of the oldest Dental College in the world.

BESSIE BURNS BENNETT.

He who goes slowly goes safely, and goes far.—*Anon.*

"He who knows, and knows that he knows, is a sensible man. He who knows, and knows not that he knows, is a stupid man. He who knows not, and knows that he knows not, is a wise man. He who knows not, and knows not that he knows not, is a fool."

"Watch the drop" [from Dr. B. Holly Smith].

"Do it now."—*Dr. Maltbie D. Babcock.*

"Anything that is worth doing at all is worth doing well."

"I live for those who love me,
For those who know me true,
For the Heaven that shines above me,
And waits my coming too.

"For the right that needs assistance,
For the wrong that needs resistance,
For the future in the distance
And the good that I can do."

NORMAN McLEOD.

Look up, not down,
Look out, not in,
Look forward, not backward,
And Lend-a-Hand.

EDWARD EVERETT HALE.

"Once rightly girded up, how many things will present themselves as double, which are not now attemptable."—*Carlyle.*

[From Dr. Simon's address, October, 1900.]

"I know I'm only a little yaller dog,
And I know I'm full of fleas,
But I thank the Lord I don't wear pants
That bag at the middle of the knees."

Dr. Finney's New Year address, 1900, "Be thankful for all things."

"Care to our coffin, adds a nail, no doubt,
While every grin, so merry, draws one out."

DR. WALCOTT.

"He that would not when he may
Shall not when he wolda."

THOMAS PERCY.

"Procrastination is the thief of time."—*Edward Young.*

"Do good by stealth, and blush to find it fame."—*Horace.*

"There is a tide in the affairs of men,
Which taken at the flood, leads on to fortune.
Omitted—all the voyage of their life,
Is bound in shallows, and in miseries."

Shakespeare.

"Ich Dien." [Motto of Black Prince.]

"Half you hear, 'tis safe to doubt it,
This much remember well,
That those who know the least *about* it,
Always have the most to tell."

Anon.

"True worth is in *being*, not seeming,
In doing each day that goes by
Some little good, not in dreaming
Of great things to do by and by,
For whatever men say in their blindness,
In spite of the fancies of youth,
There's nothing so kingly as kindness
And nothing so royal as truth."

PHOEBE CARY.

A crowd of troubles passed him by,
As he with courage waited.
He said, "Where do you troubles fly
When you are thus belated?"
"We go," they said, "to those who mope,
Who look on life dejected,
Who weakly say good-by to hope—
We go where we're expected."

Francis Ekin Allison.

We shape ourselves the joy and fear
Of which the coming life is made,
And fill our future atmosphere
With sunshine and with shade.
The tissue of the life to be
We weave with colors all our own,
And in the fields of destiny
We reap as we have sown.

To Be Borne With.

Dey say it's a troublesome, bubblesome world,
Dey say it's all worry and strife.
To-day is but sorrow, you waits foh to-morrow,
And sho'ly is skyahd of yoh life.
But when you's complainin', and tear drops is rainin'
About our unfortunate lot,
Though hahd luck has smote us, you wants to take notice—
It's de onlies' worl' dat we's got.

You knows how dat flurryin', worryin' chile
Sort o' gits right inside o' yoh h'aht;
You scol's 'im severely, but loves 'im so dearly,
'Twould be drefful if you was to paht.
Dar's only one baby—he's pestersome, maybe,
But paht wif 'em—well, I guess not!—
And dis world, wif its smilin', beguilin' an' rilin'—
It's de onlies' worl' dat we's got.

Washington Star.

"A man's a man for a' that."

Among the many phases of a man's life there is perhaps none which he treasures more than that of his college course. To such of us as have been fortunate enough to secure its advantages it comes back as a pleasant experience. Along with the hard work, the worry, and the excitement of exams., there are scattered some of the good times that fall to the lot of the average student, with baseball, football, glee and instrumental clubs, and last, but not by any means least, the girls; his spare time is fully occupied. And it is during his college career that many a man has found the woman of his choice, the one who has consented to share his sorrows and joys, sympathizing with him in his trials and rejoicing in his prosperity.

It is universally conceded that apart from fitting a young fellow for his special branch of life-work, three or four years spent in college have a broadening influence on his mind. Here are gathered men from all parts of the world and from all ranks and positions in life.

What an education it must be to a young man away from home for perhaps the first time, to come in contact with thinking men and get some of the rough edges smoothed off. Then, too, it teaches him to control himself, to be careful of the rights of others, and, more than all, it develops in him a sense of responsibility and judgment that will stand him in good stead when he enters the battle of life.

You, gentle reader, have often heard it said, and perhaps have had occasion yourself to say, that students are a wild, bad lot; but things are not always what they seem. It is only natural that young men free from restraint should lack the steadiness that comes with home influences, and the only wonder is that they are so uniformly well behaved. But when you really get acquainted with him the student is not such a bad fellow after all. You will find that with all his faults he has a large heart. Let him meet some one in distress and his services and pocket are alike offered.

From a religious standpoint the influences are not what they should be. To be sure there are churches and Christian Associations, but these do not appeal to the great mass of students. Some, who come from Christian homes, naturally attend these various institutions, but it is the non-Christian students who should be reached.

Taking him all in all, the student is a good-hearted, whole-souled fellow, who, though he may seem to be rough and reckless, yet has the character for a good, loyal American citizen, and as we come to know him better we appreciate him more.

F. J. Boyce.

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The World of Work opens wide its portals and invites you to enter. The field of action is before you. Action means work; a continuous, never-ending struggle. Your way may be beset with difficulties, but so surely as you front them bravely, so surely will they melt away before you. "Oftentimes the hindrances that lie in the path of duty may be compared to the toll-gates upon our turnpike roads—they are kept shut till we are just upon them, and then fly open, as it were, of themselves."

That you are to engage in the practice of a beneficent profession is so much the greater reason that you be faithful in your work to the end that the beneficence shall be wider, more lasting. "Genuine work alone, what thou workest faithfully, that is eternal." says Carlyle; and again, "The only happiness a brave man ever troubled himself with asking much about was, happiness enough to get his work done." Remember that there is "work and success for the men of every kind and degree of gift; not alone room at the top, as there always was, but all the way up; not only for the best things of the best men, but for every man's best."

You have received from your Alma Mater the best gifts she has to bestow. These with your own faculties, natural and acquired, are your equipment for your work. That equipment, as the years go on, will be enlarged and broadened, or dwarfed and shriveled; your course will decide which. Education, bear in mind, should be never-ending. If you labor earnestly toward a high and yet higher ideal, your view will widen, your grasp upon the affairs of life will enlarge. If you are content with your present attainments, you will in time, and not a very long time either, drop insensibly into dilettanteism, into commonplace.

The World of Work welcomes every man who knocks at its gates with the fixed purpose to do his duty manfully. No higher honor can any man achieve than citizenship in that world. "For there is a perennial nobleness, and even sacredness, in work. Were he never so benighted, forgetful of his high calling, there is always hope in a man that actually and earnestly works; in idleness alone is there perpetual despair."

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